LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS 2929
Chap. Copyright No.
Shelf .S8
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

A. H. STODDARD,

THE FARMER POET.

Examine with judicious care
Before your judgment you declare,—
Nor cast aside the golden ear,
Should some imperfect grains appear.

33

15017

KALAMAZOO:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1880.

PS 2929
.S8

Entered according to an Act of Congress in the year 1880,
BY A. H. STODDARD,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

C. G. Townsend, Printer,
Mail Office, Kalamazoo, Mich.

INDEX.

	Page
Go Little Book,	3
Album Lines,	6
Riding on the Plank,	8
Agricultural Poem,	11
Liberalist Poem,	28
On the Death of Allie Coats,	41
Ambition,	43
Acrostic,	45
Grave on the Lawn,	46
To Mrs. A. S. Todd,	48
Pioneer Poem,	50
Album Lines,	58
Old Pompey,	59
Mercy's Mission,	62
Corns on the Toes,	68
Silver Wedding,	76
Is Man Immortal?	80
My Early School Teachers,	86
Flight of Time,	88
Where and What is Heaven?	90
Memorial on the Death of Lucy,	93
Geography,	95
The Old Homestead,	98
Dedication,	100

On the Death of Elizabeth, . . 104
Juryman's Dream, ... 106
Pioneering, ... 123
Shall We Try? 128
Wine is a Mocker, ... 130
Old Candle Stand, ... 131
Pioneering, ... 134
GoldenWedding, ... 146
Free Soil, ... 153
Old Style Dentistry, ... 155
Temperance Ode, ... 158
Old Fashioned Johnny Cake, . . 161
Grange Poem, ... 163
Kalamazoo, ... 170
To Jessie, ... 172
To Will F. Stoddard, ... 173
To Rosa, ... 174
To Sarah, ... 175
To Emma, ... 177
To Charlie Harrison, ... 177
To Hattie, ... 178
To Elidy, ... 179
Centennial Poem, ... 179
On the Death of George Winslow, . 190
My Little Grand-Daughters, . . 195
All for the Best, ... 197

TO MY FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED

WIFE;

AND MY SISTERS, MRS. ELEANOR L. RUSSELL, OF BATTLE CREEK, AND MRS. CARRIE E. QUAIN, OF WATROUSVILLE, MICH.,

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The following poems were not originally intended for publication. But the flattering reception they have met with, where they have been presented in the numerous readings the author has been invited to give; and the urgent solicitations of many who have heard them read, have induced him to offer them in book form to the public. He does this with much diffidence, being fully aware that they are not proof against criticism. They have been composed, for the most part, while the author was busily employed in the various duties of farm work, perchance while following the plow, or when, with measured step, he was scattering the seed over the furrowed ground. While working he was thinking, and when he had arranged a thought or idea in words and measured lines, he would seat himself on the plow beam; or, leaning against the nearest fence or stump, transfer the same to a scrap of paper, carried in his hat, to be copied in his manuscript book at his leisure.

They embrace a large variety of subjects, and some may think the humorous too largely predominates. If this is in fact the case, his best apology is, that mirthfulness is an important element of his nature, and if frequently seen cropping out in these pages, it is because it would do so. He has endeavored, even in his humorous poems, to embody good moral principles and sound maxims, and he flatters himself that the work he is now presenting to the public may accomplish some good.

With the hope that it may be acceptable, and fill a vacant place on the literary shelf, it is respectfully presented to the reader.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

GO LITTLE BOOK.

Go, little Book, I send you out,
In hope; and yet somewhat in doubt,
What your success may be:
Go to the stranger, and the friend,
And the brief messages we send,
Declare respectfully.

Go to the countless sons of toil;
Bound to the workshop, or the soil,
To gain their daily bread.—
Tell them that labor is the source
From which the life-tide takes its course,
By which the world is fed.

Tell them that bread is doubly sweet,
To those who earn, before they eat.
Because, by labor blest.
That he who from his labor goes,
Wearied, to seek his night's repose
Enjoys the sweetest rest.

That useful labor, never can,
And never did degrade a man,
Whatever be its name.
But indolence, and vice, and crime,
Will drag us downward all the time
To misery, and shame.

Go to the poor inebriate,
Victim of circumstance, or fate;
And rouse his manly might.
Urge him to dash that cup away,
And save himself, while yet he may,
By "daring to do right."

Go to our country's pioneers,
Now bending with the weight of years,
And call to mind again

In grateful words, and measured lays,
The scenes of Pioneering days,
To brighten memory's chain.

Remind them, that these feeble forms,
Worn out with toil, and wrecked with storms,
Will soon be laid aside.
That one short emigration more,
Will bear them to a fairer shore,
Beyond the narrow tide.

Go where the student at his tome,—
Perhaps, in some poor cheerless home,
By lamp-light, cold and dim;—
To make his self-dependent way,
Has turned the midnight into day,
Go and encourage him.

Point to the glittering roll of Fame,
Where many a justly honored name,
In bright array is found;
And tell him that the highest there,
Are those who climbed, with toil and care,
From Fortune's lowest round.

Go, little book, go everywhere,
Where death has made a vacant chair,
The mystery explain:–
That death is but the passing o'er
A narrow river, just before
Where friends shall meet again.

Ring, at the rich man's gilded door,
Knock, at the cottage of the poor,
Give each a friendly call.
If they a friendly hand extend,
Leave the brief messages we send,
With grateful thanks, to all.

ALBUM LINES TO MRS. J. H. DURFEE.

PERSEVERE.

In journeying o'er the the weary way
Of life's eventful fleeting day,
Whether thy path be bright and fair

Or clouds and darkness gather there,
What e'er thy state or station here
Be this thy motto, Persevere.

Should fortune with her brightest smile
Attend thy pathway for awhile,
And round thy steps profusely fling
The highest treasures wealth can bring;
Let no vain toys allure thee here,
Onward and upward, Persevere.

Or if to gain a bright abode
Thy feet should tread a weary road;
Should cold and threatening clouds impend
And sorrow's darkest storm descend,
Let not thy spirit faint or fear,
Onward and upward, Persevere.

Should every promised joy depart,
Should friends that fondly claim thy heart,
Struck down by death's untimely doom,
Lie coldly slumbering in the tomb,
To meet them in a happier sphere,
Onward and upward, Persevere.

And when thy last declining sun
Tells that thy day of life is done,
When spirits wait—a sister band—
To bear thee to that better land;
Let faith dispel each rising fear,
Onward and upward, Persevere.

RIDING ON THE PLANK.

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE OLD PLANK ROAD FROM KALAMAZOO TO GRAND RAPIDS.

Did you ever, friend or stranger.
Let me ask you free and frank,
Brave the peril, dare the danger,
Of a journey on the Plank?

Ever see the wild commotion,
Hear the clatter, din and clank,
Feel the quick electric motion,
Caused by riding on the Plank?

Horses balking, drivers lashing,
Wishing all plank roads in—blank—
And their owners with them flashing,
So it goes upon the Plank.

Wagons creaking, groaning, crashing,
Wrecks bestrewing either bank,
Jarring, jolting, jambing, dashing,
This is riding on the Plank.

Crocks and baskets rolling, smashing,
Helpless owners looking blank,
Eggs and butter mixing, mashing,
Cannot help it on the Plank.

Hats and bonnets strangely rocking,
Leave no space between them blank;
Kisses stolen, oh! what shocking
Things do happen, on the Plank.

Fathers swearing, children squalling,
Angry mothers try to spank;
Seats upset, and they go sprawling
In the wagon on the Plank.

Tipping over, mercy on us!
Broken ribs, or shattered shank,
These afflictions come upon us,
Come from riding on the Plank.

Here, if you can save the pieces,
Lucky stars you well may thank,
Though your doctor bill increases,
'Tis for riding on the Plank.

Ye, with torpid livers sickened,
Cold and languid, lean and lank,
Needing life-blood warmed and quickened,
Try a journey on the Plank.

Ye, half dead with indigestion,
Stomachs cold as Greenland's bank,
This will cure without a question,
Take one ride upon the Plank.

AGRICULTURAL POEM.

'Tis winter, and the farmer now
Has laid aside the hoe and plow;
The stubborn soil no more is stirred,
The rattling reaper is not heard.
His fields, of vegetation bare,
Need not his culture or his care.
His summer crops are gathered in
And snugly stored in barn or bin.
His cellar too, in kinds to suit,
Is well supplied with winter fruit,
And from his garden, tilled with care,
A stock of vegetables there.
Here too, we find the porker pig,
Where he can neither root or dig,
And in some cellars without doubt
We'd find a tub of saur-krout.
The thoughtful wife with due regard
For winter wants, has labored hard,
And jars of butter salted down
As yellow as Victoria's crown,

With crocks of snowy lard to suit
And cans of many colored fruit,
With pickles sour and pickles sweet,
Make the assortment all complete.
These unmistakably declare
What useful things our housewives are,
And in their labors such as these
May well compare with summer bees,
That taught by instinct long before,
Lay up each year a winter store.
How, brother farmer could we live
Without these workers in the hive?
Who'd take for us the thousand stitches
Needed on jackets, coats and—pantaloons?
Who would our lonely cabins cheer
And wash and smooth our wearing gear?
And who can blame the wife that does
When rudely treated, hum and buzz?
Not even should she sometimes drive
Her droning husband from the hive.
But here, your poet does not dare
Their further habits to compare,
Lest peradventure he displease
The wives, (he does not fear the bees),

For if he should, he greatly fears
He'd have them buzzing 'round his ears,
And they'd be worse, he has no doubt
Than summer hives turned inside out.
But winter reigns with stubborn will;
The summer hives are hushed and still,
Our thoughtful wives with timely care
Are knitting socks for us to wear.
Oh! let us not their lives annoy—
Their happiness and peace destroy,
Or ever once their wrath provoke
With whisky or tobacco smoke. .
For smoke, is not a thing to please
Or make them quiet like the bees.
The cheerful warblers of the spring
Have ceased their mellow notes to sing,
And instinct guided for a time
Have sought a more congenial clime.
We hear no insect's chittering wings;
We feel no sharp mosquito stings;
The house-fly now in death reposes,
To light no more upon our noses,
Or, with their almost useless lives,
To tax the patience of our wives.

The vile potato bug is where
He does not need our present care—
Ready of course to take the wing
When he shall feel the breath of spring,
And from his droning flight shall drop
Upon the first potato top
That struggling for the light is found
To lift its head above the ground.
The timid sheep and sober cow
Should be well fed and sheltered now.
We can't afford the extra feed
That our unsheltered cattle need.
And let me state this stubborn fact;
It is a most inhuman act
To let our cattle young or old,
Stand out and shiver in the cold.
That faithful animal, (of course
You understand I mean the horse),
That all the weary season through
Has toiled so faithfully for you;
Your noblest animal and best,
May now enjoy a little rest.
Don't turn him out in some cold shed,
Give him a comfortable bed,

And shelter, feed, and kindly treat him,
And never overwork or beat him.
Of all the sinful deeds we do,
By fiends or devils prompted to,
There's little that to me seems worse
Than cruel treatment of the horse.
For to inflict a needless pain
Is simply devlish, to be plain.
Were I commissioned to invent
A plan of future punishment
For him who wickedly abuses
The faithful animal he uses,
I'd send his little hardened soul
Where waves of dark contrition roll,
And with it send the skeleton
Of some old Kate, or Pete, or John,
With horrid features fierce and grim
To leer, and bite, and torment him,
Till he reformed and learned at least
To kindly treat his faithful beast.
Excuse me, friends, for this digression,
I'm not a preacher by profession,
But should I ever be a priest,
I'll preach humanity at least.

Our farming implements together
Should now be sheltered from the weather.
We can't afford the great expense,
The rust and rot of implements,
By letting them unhoused remain
Through winter storms of snow and rain.
While vegetation seeming dead,
Is sleeping in its wintry bed,
Ready to waken when the spring
Its sunshine and its showers shall bring,
And bursting into life again
Renew the verdure of the plain;
And while our farms and fields remain,
Fettered with winter's icy chain,
It gives the farmer time and leisure
For recreation, rest and pleasure.
But shall he waste in senseless cheer
This portion of the fleeting year?
Or like the half unconscious bear,
Sleep off the winter in his lair?
What though his barns and bins are filled
From fields his toiling hand has tilled;
What though his purse, a shining store,
Is bloated with the yellow ore,

Can we in these atonement find
For an uncultivated mind?
Then while the farm and field demand
No more the labor of his hand,
Let him his energies direct
To cultivate the intellect.
This is a field that he may till
Largely in winter if he will,
And to this end he has the range
Of Farmer's Institute and Grange,
And teeming press on every hand
Like summer sunlight o'er the land,
And with this object still in view
The Agricultural College too.
Then add to these sound common sense,
With practical experience,
And these advantages combined
Should so prepare the farmer's mind,
As to secure the greatest gain
"From mingled toil of hand and brain;"
And let us to our farming lore
Add by our reading something more.
Learn what we may of Nature's laws;
Learn how to link effect to cause.

And in a government like ours
Where all possess elective powers,
Shall we not take and warmly feel
An interest in our country's weal?
And seek by sound intelligence
To exercise an influence,
That politicians understand—
We are a life power in the land?
And with the intellectual field
The moral garden should be tilled.
Then during winter's long vacation
Let it be our determination,
By every influence and art
To cultivate the head and heart.
What though we've passed the middle ray
Of life's eventful fleeting day;
What though the telling tooth of time
Has marred our manhood's early prime;
What though our schoolboy days are done;
Progression's course has just begun.
Onward, and upward we must go
Or sink in ignorance below.
For view this matter as we will
There is no point where we stanb still.

What though our intellect be less
Than those more favored may possess,
Shall we not cultivate and save,
And make the most of what we have?
Suppose our only garden lot
Is but a small, unfertile spot,
Shall we fold up our arms and say
We will not dig, it will not pay?
No! If our talents be but small,
'Tis wisdom to improve them all,
And as was wisely said of yore,
Gain by the using, something more.
This little field is ours alone,
And all it yields will be our own.
Our title deed to every rod
We hold direct from Nature's God,
And for its fruit of good or ill,
We shall be held accountable.
Though more than three score years have shed
Their winter snows upon my head,
While thought and memory remain
And hold their empire in my brain,
This brain must work as best it may
To gather knowledge by the way,

For all the knowledge I can gain
In journeying o'er this earthly plain,
Is so much capital in store
To start with on the other shore.
And I would rather for the looks,
See a supply of useful books,
And useful papers, kept on hand
In every farm house in the land,
And know those books were used and read
To cultivate the heart and head,
Than all the trappings ever seen
To deck the halls of England's queen.
Then let us take a serious thought
And ask the question as we ought,
How to improve as best we may
The remnant of life's passing day.
Yes, fellow farmer, let us think
Not of tobacco and of drink,
Not how to get the fleetest horse
And win perhaps the longest purse;
Not how to gain the most of gold
To hold it with a miser hold;
Not how to cheat our poorer neighbor
And get unpaid his honest labor,

Or how to get what he may earn
With the least possible return;
But how to give each good intent
Our personal encouragement,
Of hope, and help, and sympathy
In toiling for his family!
And the best way to help a man
Is to employ him when we can,
And never from the duty shirk
To pay him fairly for his work.
Think how to culture and possess
The most of real manliness,
And by that manliness, to make
The world the better for our sake.
Not how to gain a heaven on high,
In some far planet of the sky,
But how to make a heaven below,
And take it with us where we go.
For when we cross that narrow stream
The end of life's mysterious dream,
Commencing on the other shore,
In spirit life for ever more,
All of the outfit we can take
Will be the characters we make.

And in these duties do we need
Accept of this or that one's creed?
About these creeds let bigots fight,
Give me his creed whose life is right.
While o'er our valleys, hills and plains
The hand of desolation reigns,
While wintry skies above us scowl,
And wintry winds around us howl,
There should be one, a quiet spot,
Where warmth and sunshine fail us not:
A little paradise of ground
By warm affection hedged around,
To us the dearest spot on earth
And prized of such superior worth
That wheresoe'er our feet may roam
Our hearts will still be held at home,
Where harmony and love abide
And dear ones nestle by our side.
Do we exert a constant care
To make and keep a heaven there?
Does confidence and love entwine
In every plant and creeping vine,
And do the parent trees that grow
Shelter and cherish all below,

Shielding our little paradise
From every hurtful weed of vice?
Do we admit the chilly air
Of jealousy to enter there,
Or the fierce heat of passion's rage
To sear our tender foliage?
Does not the serpent of the still
Creep in at times to do us ill?
Or do we use our influence
Against the fiend intemperance
That plants the most pernicious weed
That ever sprung from hellish seed?
Do we as parents try to make
A happy home for children's sake?
Do we supply them in their need
With periodicals to read,
With books and papers in the main,
That will instruct and entertain,
Developing in every sense
Refinement and intelligence?
Make home attractive and we hold
Our children there with chain of gold!
Oh! parents, ye who have the care
Of these young Edens everywhere;

These little stocks of future trees;
These baby house-plants, if you please,
That God, or Nature, as you will,
Has trusted to your training skill;
Are you, or can you be aware,
How much depends upon your care,
The growth they make, the way they bend;
How high, how wide their arms extend;
The promises put forth in spring
Of bud, and leaf, and blossoming?
That largely on your grafting skill
Depends their fruit of good or ill?
For we as farmers ought to know
We gather from the seed we sow.
If on a soil like paradise
We plant the thorny seeds of vice,
Thorns in our future pathway spread,
Will pierce our footsteps where we tread.
And if on uncongenial ground
Our plants with thorns are hedged around,
What kind of fruit can we expect
From these poor subjects of neglect?
Stinted and gnarled their fruit may be
As poison as the upas tree.

But if on warm congenial soil,
And tended with judicious toil,
Grafted and trained to perfect form
Unscathed by passion's thoughtless storm,
Warmed by the sunlight from above,
The sunbeams of parental love;
Not e'en the frost-king of the tomb
Can blight the beauty of their bloom.
In view of facts and thoughts like these,
Let's make our homes the nurseries
To cultivate, and tend with care
All that is lovely, good and fair.
Then where's the farmer or his wife
Who would exchange for city life,
Leaving a certain occupation
For one of risky speculation?
Is more enjoyment to be found
In fashion's giddy thoughtless round
Of envy, jealousy and strife,
That make so much of city life?
From these can more contentment come
Than from the farmer's quiet home?
I would not take the merchant's care
For twice the profits of his ware;

Obliged to wear a cheerful grin
E'en when he feels as mad as sin,
And work with half distracted brain
To keep the line of loss and gain.
Nor would I ought invest in stocks,
Except it were in herds and flocks,
Then I'd be suited, bear in mind,
With stock of the pure Durham kind.
And where's the farmer who would care
To change his farm for banking ware,
And take the banker's restless nights,
His horrid dreams of burglar frights,
His risky loans for speculation,
His ceaseless watching and vexation?
But for a bank of real worth
Give me a bank of well tilled earth,
And in that bank give me a share
Made up of diamond iron ware,
Beam, landside, mold-board all combined,
And handles running out behind.
Perhaps you'll call the thing a plow,
But that's of little matter now;
A thing that if we well attend
Is sure to bring a dividend.

Some people think, or seem to feel,
That farming work is not genteel;
That 'tis a vulgar work and low
To plow and plant, to reap and mow.
If vulgar to raise corn and wheat,
It must be vulgar then to eat.
And those who make this poor pretense,
Show most their want of common sense.
For he who holds the fountain head
From which the nation draws its bread
Holds not a secondary station
To any other in the nation.
Then let us gain with purpose high,
What mental culture can supply,
Fitness with honor to maintain,
A standing on life's higher plane;
And from that higher plane to guide
And to supply the mighty tide
That is to furnish in its flow
Life, health, and strength to all below.

POEM.

READ AT THE LIBERALIST AND SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION, MAY 12, 1878.

How oft amid the tangled maze
Of life's mysterious winding ways,
Perplexed, in doubt, we halting stand,
Like travelers in an unknown land
Looking for landmark, light or star
To guide our footsteps from afar.
Have we been cast upon the sea
Of life's eventful destiny,
Without a compass, chart or guide,
To point us o'er its unknown tide
And lead us to some friendly shore,
Where doubt and darkness are no more?
Is there a haven East or West,
Where weary mariners may rest?
And is this ever active mind
For immortality designed,
Or is it destined to a grave
Beneath oblivion's gloomy wave?
Where is the mind that has not brought
These questions home for serious thought?

And in our eagerness to know,
Why we are here, and where we go,
Reason too oft is set aside,
Its promptings slighted or denied,
And ever prone to superstition
We take the teachings of tradition,
Founding the faith that we receive
On what our fathers did believe.
Thus oft in search of truth I fear
We look too far for what is near,—
To some far off uncertain light
To show us what is wrong or right.
There is a monitor within,
Hushed but by selfishness and sin,
A finger point that marks the way
From which our feet should never stray;
A better guide if we will look,
Than mitered bishop, creed or book;
A chart that nature's God designed
To be a guide to all mankind.
Not written in an unknown hand,
That few or none can understand,
Not a mysterious record sealed,
By learned priest to be revealed,

But speaks in accents low but clear
To all who lend a listening ear.
Of course I understand full well
This guide is not infallible;
But for my guidance Nature gave it
And I will use, but not enslave it;
But so engrossed the unthinking world
By passions tempest-tossed and whirled,
That still small voice, that quiet word
Passes unheeded or unheard.
Then take the Bibles of the ages—
The records of their saints and sages—
And we may learn from all of these,
If like the ever active bees
We cull their sweets; and then again,
Reject the errors they contain.
Thus from our Bible we may draw
Pure principles of moral law—
The noblest lessons of their kind
Ever revealed to human mind.
Especially would I recount
Christ's glorious sermon on the mount;
The golden rule "To others do
As you would have them do to you."

A rule if every where applied
We'd scarce need other law beside.
But I perceive, or think I see,
The various parts do not agree.
How shall I reconcile the plan,
The teachings of the son of man,
With those dark deeds of blood and crime,
Commanded in the olden time.
And was this Christ the very God
That once on Sinai's summit trod
And gave this record of His will
To Israel's tribes, "Thou shalt not kill?"
And then so quickly abrogated
That law as in the record stated,
For soon there came, "Thus saith the Lord,"
Let every man gird on his sword,
Go through the camp from gate to gate,
And each, oh! horrid to relate—
As an expression of God's will—
His neighbor and his brother kill.
And as the records clearly say,
Three thousand men were slain that day
For worshipping as we are told,
A calf that Aaron made of gold.

Had God so soon detected flaws
And changed the tenor of his laws?
If this be so, how can we trust
A God capricious and unjust?
Presumption to my mind is strong,
That here the record must be wrong:
But must we with the jewels take
Rubbish, and all for Bible's sake,
Or should we cast the gold away
Because of dross in which it lay?
Let us accept as moral food
Its truths and use them for our good—
Truths that humanity has blessed
And leave to bigots all the rest.
'Tis said I must accept the whole,
As sacred truth infallible,
From Genesis to Revelation,
Written by God's own inspiration,
And that by *faith* I must believe
What otherwise I can't receive.
But whence I ask in common sense
Comes faith except from evidence?
Then how can I believe the tale
About old Jonah and the whale?

Allow me in this dissertation
To give a simple illustration:
A highly valued friend of mine,
Invites me home with him to dine;
A chicken is presented there
And constitutes the bill of fare,
Cooked head and entrails, foot and feather,
As nature made it, all together.
I turn disgusted in my seat,
My stomach heaves, I cannot eat.
Aye, says my friend, and what's the matter
That puts your stomach in a flutter?
Are you not fond of chicken meat?
Take hold I pray and freely eat.
I am, I say, am well contented
With such when properly presented;
But there are parts not fit for food,
I cannot swallow if I would.
But all is chicken, says my friend,
And though I'm sorry to offend,
'Tis all I have to say about it,
Accept the whole, or do without it.
Thus I'm required to swallow down
The bird entire, from claw to crown.

So with the Bible bill of fare—
Much I admire recorded there,
But there are statements I detect,
Reason and common sense reject;
How e'er combined with what is good
I cannot credit if I would.
So I must be as bigots tell,
Regarded as an infidel,
Or come at orthodoxy's call
And swallow Jonah, whale and all.
But did the breath of inspiration,
Cease with the Jewish dispensation?
Must we to find it, follow back
Two thousand years on manhood's track?
Have we not men as good to-day
As Moses, Paul, or Joshua;
Whose moral characters would show
As fair as David's long ago?
Have none since John, in days of yore,
Seen visions of the other shore?
Shall we believe, strange thing to tell,
The raising up of Samuel
By influence of the witch of Endor—
Those fearful words to Saul to render—

Shall we accept of this, but say
Samuels cannot be raised to-day?
Has God again detected flaws
And changed the order of His laws?
Is this rude age so dead in sin,
Compared with what the past has been,
That messages of truth and love
Are sent no longer from above?
Or have we on the upward road
That leads to goodness and to God,
Attained to that exalted station
We need no further revelation?
It cannot be; for nature's law
Knows neither change, or break, or flaw,
And with like causes, we avow,
That like effects, would follow now.
Idolatry in olden time
Seems to have been the leading crime,
And if we credit the narration,
Received God's highest condemnation.
But be that matter as it may,
There's more idolatry to-day,
And more devotion, too, by half,
In worshiping the golden calf,

And more of real guilt, and crime,
Than ever was in Aaron's time.
We sacrifice upon its shrine
All that is manly and divine—
Friends, character, e'en life itself,
For this, the greedy god of pelf—
This juggernaut of modern time,
The god of selfishness and crime.
And then we have a fashion god
And bow before its scepter rod,
And costly sacrifices make
For this, the god of fashion's sake.
We talk of heathen, and deplore
Idolatry on India's shore.
We send with much expense and care,
Bibles, and missionaries there:
Seeming forgetful while we roam,
That we have heathens here at home:
Right here in this enlightened land—
Churches and schools on every hand.
The God of fashion has more slaves
Than ever knelt by Ganges' waves.
And greater crowds can always draw,
Than nature's God of love and law.

Than nature's God, where shall we look
To read the record of His book?
Or where the page to which we turn,
The laws of nature's God to learn.
Turn to that page of living light,
That decks the starry dome of night;
Where suns and systems roll in space,
Beyond the reach of mind to trace.
Learn, too, in the mysterious round
That marks the planetary bound;
Proclaiming in each rolling sphere
That law and order govern here:
Or in that more mysterious force
That wheels the comet in its course.
Learn as the seasons come and go:
Read in the tide-wave's ebb and flow;
Read in the sunshine and the shower,
The mighty oak, the tiny flower;
Read in the thunderbolts that fall
Alike on church and billiard hall;
E'en in the earthquake's dreaded shock,
When mountains reel and cities rock:—
All these are but effects of cause,
Controlled by nature's changeless laws.

Thence we may trace progression's chain
From granite rock to waving grain;
All through the vegetable line,
From worthless weed to towering pine,
Where the last link of vegetation
Joins to the animal creation.
Then still as science clearly traces
Through long extinct and buried races,
Whose huge and uncouth forms are found
Deeply imbedded in the ground;
Thence upward, onward, ever tending,
Through living species still ascending,
In strict accord with nature's plan,
Higher and higher, up to man—
To man with an immortal soul—
The culmination of the whole.
These are the way-marks in the road—
Leaves in the books of nature's God.
And will progression thus begun,
Forever onward, upward run?
If so, how grand, sublime, the thought,
That thus is to our vision brought!
Eternal ages stretch before,
Creation boundless to explore;

But how shall finite comprehend
Or measure that which has no end—
As well may man attempt to clasp
The mighty ocean in his grasp.
Go to the Ocean, take your stand
Upon its pearly wave-washed strand,—
Number the drops that roll before;
Number the sand grains on the shore,
And when as many years are fled,
Eternity is still ahead.
But present moments as they fly,
Are parcels of eternity.
Then let us to the present turn,
Life's present duties here to learn—
What faiths, what errors to forsake;
What paths to shun, what paths to take;
And must we go to priest or book,
Or to old revelations look;
To Calvin's or to Wesley's creed,
To gain the knowledge that we need?
We wish to gain a heaven below,
And shun a hell of vice and woe;
But what is heaven to you and me,
But peace, and love, and harmony,

Where all the elements of strife
Are tuned to harmony of life?
Heaven in the family is where
No jarring notes of discord are;
And if a heaven we would win,
There is the place we should begin,
And make with all our art and care
A home-made heaven, and keep it there.
For we can make one if we try,
Better by far than we can *buy*.
And let us aid where'er we can
To make a heaven for every man,
By kindly helping those in need
And we'll be happier for the deed.
But do we need to study o'er
Pages of theologic lore,
To tell us that in vice and crime
We're going hellward all the time?
Does not our reason clearly tell
How we can shun a drunkard's hell?
There is one way, and one alone,
We need no priest to make it known.
The blood of Christ, our preachers say,
Will wash our guilts and sins away,

However vile our lives have been,
And make all pure and clean within.
Perhaps they honestly receive it,
As honestly I disbelieve it.
Each crime will make a moral stain
To last while memory shall remain,
Through an eternity of time,
Unless we can forget the crime.
The preacher says, prepare to die—
Prepare to live, I would reply,
And let us live in such a way
As to grow better every day,
And if we make a hell below,
That hell will follow where we go;
But if we make a heaven here
A future hell we need not fear.

ON THE DEATH OF ALLIE COATS.

I saw a joyous, happy child,
Lovely, and young, and fair;

Bright object of parental hopes
That centered fondly there.

Three summers on his flowery path
Their genial showers had shed—
Scattered their blossoms at his feet,
Their sunbeams 'round his head.

But Death had marked that lovely child;
A fatal arrow sped;
Again I saw that fair young form—
'Twas slumbering with the dead!

And friends, a weeping train, had met
Fond memories to recall;
For he had been the darling pet,
The idol of them all.

I saw the weeping mother stand,
Where tears like rain drops fell;
I pressed the mourning father's hand,
I knew his heart full well.

And yet, 'tis but an angel hand
That culls our choicest flowers,
Transfers them to a happier land,
To fairer climes than ours.

AMBITION.

When in my early manhood's prime,
A laudable ambition
Induced me to improve my time
In bettering my condition.

Though others, setting out in life,
Were furnished horse and saddle,
I saw that I, in peace or strife,
My own canoe must paddle.

To be the biggest toad that swims,
In earth's tumultuous puddle,
I never did aspire, such whims
My brain ne'er chanced to muddle.

And though, among my fellow men,
I might be but a green one,
This was no reason surely, then,
That I should be a mean one.

I had no wealth to boost me up,

On Fortune's slippery ladder;
I had no influential friends,
To puff me like a bladder.

To lead a useful, honest life,
To gain an honest living,
And something more for weans and wife,
And charitable giving,

Was all I asked of worldly wealth,
For that had few attractions;
I'd more regard for peace and health,
And honorable actions.

But I would try to store my head
Somewhat with useful knowledge;
For there is much to learn, I said,
Outside of school or college.

And so from forest, field and brook,
And outside observation,
I tried to gain, "by hook and crook,"
A little education.

And now, though three score years I've seen,
And age is creeping o'er me,
I find I'm yet a school-boy green,
With much to learn before me.

ACROSTIC.

Martha, could my best wish avail,
Across life's sea thy bark should sail,
Rich freighted with celestial grace,
Toward Heaven thy final resting place.
Heaven's favoring breeze should waft thee o'er
And bear thee to its blissful shore.

Remember 'tis a dangerous sea,
Eventful in its destiny,
Ever beset with toils and cares,
Vice, too, has spread a thousand snares
Ever alluring. On this tide,
Seek Bethlehem's star to be thy guide.

THE GRAVE ON THE LAWN.

'Twas a bright day in summer, the slow sinking sun,
Far Westward declining, his day's journey done;
Threw his last parting glances on hill top and town,
As seeming reluctant, he slowly sunk down
From a beautiful landscape, yet anxious to lave
His bright golden disk, in Ontario's wave.
His light glancing beams kissed a merry good night
To the glad dancing waves as he sunk out of sight.

How fair was the scene from the place where I stood,
Of orchard and meadow, lawn, garden, and wood;
And many fair mansions before me were seen,
Their forms half revealed, and half hidden in green;
While far to the Northward, as vision could view,
Ontario rolled his wide waters of blue.
And his slow measured waves broke in murmuring roar,

As they playfully leaped on a pebble-bound shore.

I turned from this scene, that my mind will retain,
A picture of beauty, while life shall remain:
Then paused for a moment, in sorrowful mood,
O'er a mound, that was formed on the lawn where I stood.
The chestnut, and ash, their green branches displayed,
Encircling the spot, to give beauty and shade.
Choice flowers formed its border, that tended with care,
Now breathed their perfume on the mild summer air:
For here the kind hands of affection had done
Their last kindly office, for brother and son.

We are tempted to murmur at Death's cruel doom,
When the noble and young are consigned to the tomb:
When those our affections had valued the most,
From our hearts, from our homes, from society lost,
While the useless, the worthless, the vilest of men

Prolong their existence to three score and ten.

Yet when we contemplate the world's weary cares,
Its toils and afflictions, its trials and snares;
I sometimes have almost been led to the thought
In reading the lessons adversity taught;—
Who soonest escape from its sorrow and pain,
Are more to be envied than those who remain.

Dear Albert, farewell! But we very well know
It is only thy form, that lies mouldering below;
Thy pure noble spirit, too pure for our sight,
May linger around us in radiant light;
Till thy now weeping kindred, shall join thee once more,
United in love on Eternity's shore.

PULTNEYVILLE, N. Y., 1874.

TO MRS. A. S. TODD,

OF PULTNEYVILLE, N. Y., ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER MARY.

Again the iron hand of fate,
Has made your hearthstone desolate;

And caused your tears to flow:—
The last link of affection's chain,
That held you to this earthly plain,
Is severed at a blow.

Mary is gone! Fond heart be still,
Nor murmur at the Master's will,
'Tis love's angelic hands;
That takes these plants of Heavenly birth,
Too tender for the vales of Earth,
To bloom in fairer lands.

In that delightful summer clime
Beyond the bounds of toil and time,
Beyond the dreary tomb;
In vernal bowers forever fair,
Your Mary lives, you'll meet her there,
Where flowers immortal bloom.

Mary is gone! She sings no more
The songs of earth, as heretofore,
But in that home above;
With golden harp, the Heavenly lyre,
She joins with the angelic choir
In songs of perfect love.

Afflicted friend, then may you be
Resigned to Nature's stern decree,
Nor let your heart rebel;
On this assurance fully rest,
The Master knoweth what is best,
And doeth all things well.

Then let your confidence be strong,
The time at longest can't be long,
Ere we rejoin once more;
That dear departed household band,
Our kindred in that better land,
Where they have gone before.

PIONEERING.

READ TO THE PIONEER SOCIETY OF KALAMAZOO COUNTY, AT VICKSBURG, AUG., 1875.

We come to-day with outstretched hand,
And words of friendly cheering,

To meet the remnant of that band
That did our pioneering.

We come, old men, to hear from you,
In plain unvarnished story;
Of times when all was wild and new,
A wilderness before you.

And as you here will meet again
With old familiar faces,
'Twill bear you back on memory's chain,
To well remembered places.

You will recall among the rest,
When all was fixed for starting
On that long journey to the West,
The painful scenes of parting.

The breaking of those tender ties,
That Nature weaves to bind us
To friends whom we so dearly prize
When leaving them behind us.

Or when from the last hill or nook,

O, do I need remind you:
You turned to take the farewell look,
On that old home behind you.

Then with the thought "'tis for the best,"
In manly resignation;
You turned your faces to the West,
All this meant emigration.

Some of you toiled your weary way
With ox teams lank and lagging,
That scarcely fifteen miles a day,
Their creaking trains were dragging.

You will recall the weary round,
The rough and stormy weather,
And camping on the cold damp ground,
Perhaps for weeks together;

The miry swamps, the unbridged streams,
Your way before you clearing:
As you look back how strange it seems,
But this was pioneering.

Then in the forest's solitude,
Remote perhaps from neighbor,
You reared your cabin rough and rude,
And there commenced your labor.

With hopeful hearts and sturdy strokes,
Your toilsome work proceeded,
The mighty elms, the giant oaks,
Before your hands receded.

Then in those lonely forest shades
Wild Indians would be prowling,
And in their tangled swamps and glades,
Wild wolves at night be howling.

Perhaps for miles you had to go
To reach a neighbor's clearing;
Marked trees your only path to show,
But this was pioneering.

When sickness found your lonely home,
So often there prevailing;
Ah! then the "tug of war" had come;
Perhaps supplies were failing,

Neighbors and doctors miles away,
Yet bravely persevering,
You watched by night, and worked by day,
This, too, was pioneering.

When ague, added to your ills,
Your very blood was chilling,
And when to buy a box of pills,
You couldn't raise a shilling;

The gaunt fiend famine at the door,
The last corn dodger eaten,
'Twould seem that with a "wee touch" more,
You surely would be beaten.

Then didn't the thoughts of that old home
Bring feelings rather tender?
What though a homesick tear had come,—
It didn't mean surrender.

Still to your purpose firm and true;
In manly persevering;
You held your ground, and pulled it through,
All this was pioneering.

'Tis said by some, and I believe
They told the truth who said it;
In work like this, we seldom give
Our women proper credit.

Who suffered more when sickness came,
And want perhaps was pinching,
Than these old mothers we might name,
Or bore it more unflinching?

If Adam could not stand the air
Of Eden's balmy bowers,
Without an Eve to help him there,
And soothe his lonely hours,

Tell what these Adams would have done
In those old forests clearing;
Without these Eves to help them on,
Their lonely labor cheering?

If these old men had been alone,
I scarcely would be willing
To give, for all the work they'd done,
A continental shilling.

'Tis true their wives didn't plow and sow,
Through stumpy stubbles dashing;
They did the cradleing we know,
And more than half the thrashing.

Then let us estimate the sum,
And all the credit give them;
Men wouldn't have stayed, they wouldn't have came,
Had not their wives been with them.

But time, with toil, that everywhere
His signet seal impresses;
Has furrowed brows that once were fair,
And bleached their auburn tresses.

And now, of those who shared with you
Those hardships uncomplaining;—
We look around; and O, how few—
How few there are remaining!

And memory paints full many a scene
Of sorrow and of weeping;
Then follows to the churchyard green
Where their cold forms are sleeping.

Their faults we bury with them there,
And let their memory perish;—
Their sterling virtues, everywhere,
We'll emulate and cherish.

Old Pioneers, your work is done,
Your labors are recorded.
The battle fought, the victory won,
And honor's prize awarded.

Now look around on this fair land
Almost enchanted seeming,
Its fertile fields, and cities grand,
With wealth and beauty teeming.

For all of this you paved the way,
Through hardships, and privation;
Accept our hearty thanks to-day,
And warm congratulation.

And may the remnant of your years,
Be crowned with every blessing,
That this brief life, of hopes and fears,
Is worthy of possessing.

And with your last declining sun,
When Death's dark veil comes o'er you,
May you receive that good, "Well done,"
In fairer climes before you.

ALBUM LINES.

TO MISS EDITH HUGHES WATSON.

We search beneath the ocean tide
For pearls of beauty rare,
We pierce the rugged mountain side,
For golden trinkets there.
We delve among Brazilian sands,
We cross the dangerous main,
Explore Golconda's diamond lands,
Their sparkling gems to gain.
With these the outward form is decked,
Admiring eyes to win:
But moral worth, and intellect,
Are brighter gems within.

OLD POMPEY;

OR, "YOU HURT YOURSEF DE WOST."

Old Pompey was a negro man,
Colored of course by nature's plan;
But call him colored, he'd say: "No,
Not, culud, I was always so!"
And I have learned I cannot tell,
At best cannot determine well,
By curl of hair, or crook of shin,
The color of the heart within:
Or whether it be white or black,
By what one wears upon his back.
But be that matter as it may,
Pompey was in the field one day,
Wielding his hoe with power and skill,
The corn to dress, the weeds to kill.
When making at a sturdy weed
A right smart blow, with little heed,
(We all make some mistakes you know,)
He missed the weed, but hit his toe.
As in accord with Nature's laws,
Effect is sure to follow cause;

It ached of course: how could it fail?
For he had taken off the nail.
Old Pompey groaned, and so will you
When you knock off a toe nail, too;
Rolled up his eyes, and tried to pray,
To drive the horrid pain away;—
His prayers and groans were all in vain,
To save the nail, or ease the pain.
He tore a bandage from his shirt,
And bound it up in blood and dirt,
As carefully as mortal could;
But ache that pedal member would.
His stock of patience now ran low,
Then glancing at his aching toe,
"Well ache," said Pompey, "if you must;
"You only hurt yoursef de wost."
Allow me, if you please, to show,
Although the origin is low,
A moral, drawn from Pompey's toe.
When we reject a truth we need
Because it is not in our creed,
Through prejudice, and cold distrust,
Do we not hurt ourselves "de wost?"
When we set out with selfish plan

To wrong or rob our fellow man;
Using to aid us in the cheat,
Hypocrisy and base deceit;
E'en when successful in our crime,
We are the losers every time.—
And in the light of all that's just,
We'll find we've hurt ourselves "de wost."
The slanderer, with venomed sting,
At us his poisoned darts may fling,
Our character he may defame,
May blight our prospects, and our name;
Well, let him slander if he must,
He'll only hurt himself "de wost."
The libertine, with fiendish art,
Who trifles with a trusting heart,
May bring to infamy and shame,
Ruin the character and name,
Of those who in his honor trust;
Still he has hurt "himsef de wost."
'Tis commonly believed and said
There is another life ahead;—
A life of spirit being, where
We shall be known for what we are.
No matter if we've lived in sin,

What our profession may have been,
Wherever we have been unjust,
We'll find we've hurt ourselves "de wost."

MERCY'S MISSION.

POEM READ AT A SOCIAL OF THE DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA, AT BATTLE CREEK. FEB., 1878.

In this rude world of strife and storm,
Each has a duty to perform,
A mission to fulfill.—
'Tis man's to grapple in the strife
The fiercer elements of life,
And wield them at his will.

He, like the river in its course,
Moves onward with resistless force,
His object to attain;

The forest sinks beneath his hand,
The rail car thunders o'er the land,
The steamship o'er the main.

While man controls and regulates
The bounds of empires, kingdoms, states,
In governments combined;—
Woman, you have a nobler part,
To form in every infant heart,
An empire of the mind.

This like the twig, the embryo tree,
What e'er it is, or is to be,
Is largely in your care;
And largely on your training hand,
And on your grafting skill, depend
The fruit that it shall bear.

How humble is the statesman's sphere,
How transient are his labors here,
How fleeting is their day;—
Woman, the empire you shall form,
Shall stand amid the wreck, the storm
When Earth shall pass away.

Here is a mission; here a field
For woman's efforts, sure to yield
According as you sow;
To you the power is largely given
To make this field a moral heaven,
Or wilderness of woe.

But fields of missionary ground
Open before us, and around,
Requiring woman's skill;
Requiring woman's influence,
By every art of soul and sense,
Successfully to till.

Intemperance, like a raging sea
With its attendant misery,
In never ceasing flow,
Is bearing on its hellish tide,
Sons, husbands, brothers, side by side,
To ruin and to woe.

And fashion's gaudy, glittering glare,
Weaving on every side a snare,

Baited with treacherous art;
Displays to our bewildered eyes
Its show of vanity and lies,
To lure the unthinking heart.

Rise, noble woman, and declare
Your independence from the snare
That fashion's hand has wound;—
Move forward, then, with higher aim,
And freedom everywhere proclaim
To sister slaves around.

Oh! Christian, if you wish to win
A world from selfishness and sin,
Look not too far away;
You need not go to foreign climes,
You need not wait for better times,
Begin the work to-day.

Commence at home, make Heaven there,
By every influence, art and care
That kindly natures know:—
Thence like the wave-mark on the tide
Extend that circle still more wide
In never ceasing flow.

Go to the lowest, humblest sheds
That shelter erring human heads,
And strive by every plan;
By every winning influence,
To operate on feeble sense,
And raise them if you can.

E'en on the cold, dark soil of vice,
Scatter the seeds of paradise,
Some may find lodgment there,
And though on uncongenial soil
Take root, and tilled with care and toil
Celestial products bear.

Daughters, 'tis your especial part
With sympathetic angel art,
To weeping ones to go;
To visit in their deep distress
The widow, and the fatherless,
And sympathy bestow.

Go where the seeming hand of fate
Has made the hearthstone desolate,
And consolation bear;

Your melting hearts can best express
The healing words of tenderness,
So largely needed there.

Freely extend in every sense
A practical benevolence,
Your sympathy to prove;—
Where earthly consolations fail,
Then point beyond life's gloomy vale,
To brighter homes above.

And to the stricken orphan band,
A friendly word, a helping hand,
A kind protection lend;
And while youth's slippery paths they tread,
With snares and dangers thickly spread,
Your guardian care extend.

Then, daughters, nobly persevere,
In this your heavenly mission here,
And prove the precept true;
That making by word and deed,
For those afflicted and in need,
Will make a heaven for you.

Oh! man and woman, then combine
Your efforts in this one design,
Ye lovers of your kind:
To bring to this distracted Earth,
The fancied Eden of her birth,
The Eden of the mind.

CORNS ON THE TOES.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY TO MISS BELLE SMITH.

I've known of your afflictions, Belle,
And write these hasty lines to tell
That in your dreadful misery
You have my heartfelt sympathy:
Which in your wretched situation.
I hope may be some consolation.
Life has its pains we understand,
Its aches and ills on every hand,
And wise philosophers have sought,

By every stretch of mind and thought,
To fathom Nature's wondrous laws
And trace effect direct to cause,
Especially those bitter woes
That come from corns upon the toes.
In your especial case, dear Belle,
These sage philosophers would tell
Those cruel toe corns one and all,
Had come from wearing shoes too small.
That in the nature of the case,
The pressure on a certain place,
Would cause a callous lump to grow,
Which pressing on the nerve below,
Would cause a thrill of pain to go,—
With which a hornet sting is tame,—
Through every fiber of your frame.
They'll tell you too, this pain is sent,
Not as a special punishment,
But the result they strangely teach.
Of what girls practice, all and each
Of making feet, (don't be offended,)
Smaller than Nature had intended.
But you, of course, will not admit
Your shoes have been too tight a fit,

For where's the girl we ever knew,
Would own she wore too tight a shoe?
Unless her shoes were coarse cow hide,
Then they would surely pinch her pride,
And she would say they pinched her toes,
Though large enough for river scows.
But if we could find such an one
'Tis something you have never done.
Then let us seek some other source
From which your suffering takes its course,
And there is one, if we may dare to
Trace all the ills that flesh is heir to,
And 'tis a most convenient thing,
When colic gripes, or toe corns sting,
Instead of tracing back the cause
To Nature's violated laws;
To say, and make ourselves believe,
'Tis all the fault of mother Eve.
And if the record we explore
That men accept as sacred lore;
To her we trace the origin,
Of all the suffering, and sin,
That in the world has ever been.
We have no reason to suppose

That girls had corns upon their toes,
Till mother Eve, (the records state it,)
Picked the forbidden fruit and ate it.
And since that time, as it appears,
This Earth has been a vale of tears;
With every misery to torment,
That fiends, and devils, could invent.
Then first and foremost, we suppose,
Came cruel corns upon the toes.
I've felt the pains of hornet stings,
Wasps, bumble bees, and all such things;
But these were trifles, we suppose,
Compared with corn stings on the toes.
At least I've judged this was the case,
From the expression of your face,
When you have dropped a stick of wood,
That hit a toe corn, plump and good;
And I've been thankful, I declare,
I did not have such pains to bear.
Now when your toe corns give a twinge,
And you're obliged to limp and cringe,
Don't pucker up your face and scowl,
Don't fret and scold, or groan or growl;
Don't talk unkindly to your mother,

Or take the broomstick to your brother,
Should they insist, (perhaps they might,)
'Twas all because your shoes were tight.
Don't be dissatisfied and say
Toes are a nuisance anyway,
Or with your own be discontented,
And wish they had not been invented.
How would you dance, do you suppose,
Had Nature made you without toes?
Some think these aches of every kind,
Are sent to discipline the mind;
If so, I hope you'll be resigned;
Be thankful, as a Christian should,
And may the lesson do you good.
Again, it may not be amiss,
To take another view like this:
When from your toe there comes a pinch,
That causes every nerve to flinch,
Tell it to ache, if ache it must.
"'Twill only hurt itself de wost."
Another plan I would suggest,
Better perhaps than all the rest,
And we can bring to sanction it,
Authority from holy writ.

I'd like to know if you have read
The old commandment, where 'tis said,
"If your right eye, or hand offend,
"Pluck out the eye, cut off the hand?"
Then why, I ask, should you not go
And cut off the offending toe;
And save yourself, for mercy sake,
From the dread hell that toe corns make?
Before we leave this toe corn case,
Let us a simple moral trace.
How quick we are to see, and show,
The corn upon our neighbor's toe:
And to our register transfer,
The toe corns of his character;
Which by our prejudice and pride,
Are often largely magnified:
While ours, of course, if seen at all,
Seem to our vision very small.
How ready, too, we are to labor
To cure the toe corns of our neighbor;
Especially the corns that grow,
We think, on his sectarian toe.
And then his corns political,
We think need plastering as well.

Nor do we like to see him flinch,
However close we pare or pinch.
But these are tender corns, beware,
How hard we press, how close we pare.
Upon the bigot's toe we see, the ugly corn of bigotry;
He wears a narrow iron shoe,
And is not satisfied with you,
Unless you'll have a toe corn grown,
Patterned precisely like his own.
The skeptic, that bare-footed goes,
Of course has corns upon his toes:
Exposed to every person's view,
They're often pinched, that's very true,
And many are the plasters proffered
By learned doctors, urged and offered,
To cure his corns without delay,
If he has got the dimes to pay.
But, as he cannot fail to see
These learned doctors disagree:
And limp from corns as well as he:—
He lacks the confidence to try
Their often failing remedy
On his corns, till it can be shown

Doctors have learned to cure their own.
And here, perhaps, we ought to mention
The poet's corns may need attention:
He feels he has not much to dread,
Except the cruel critic's tread;
His ship-shod shoes are fitted loosely,
But do not pare his corns too closely.
How easy 'tis for us to show
A corn upon the miser's toe.
But if we offer to apply
The only perfect remedy;
A plaster, to his corn of pelf,
He says: "Physician heal thyself."
Then let us have a little care
Whose corns we plaster, pinch or pare,
Until it can be fully shown,
We have no toe corns of our own.
Cure our corns first, and kindly then,
Do what we can for other men;
And let us this a maxim make,
That what we give, we also take.

SILVER WEDDING.

POEM READ AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARRIAGE OF MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

We meet, dear friends, with you to-day,
Thanks for the invitation,
To offer kindly as we may
Our warm congratulation.

We meet fond memories to renew,
And social ties to strengthen;
The chain of friendship to renew,
To brighten and to lengthen.

And fancy's pinions bear us back,
Where life's great interests merging,
Led you to take a common track,
From separate paths converging.

We see you standing side by side,
To pledge your faith forever,
We see the knot Hymenial tried,
That only death can sever.

A band of orphans needed there*
A mother's kind relations,—
The new-made bride assumes that care,
With all its obligations.

And other nestlings have been sent
To claim your kind protection,
And keeps alive the element,
Of unalloyed affection.

They cannot all be here to-day,
In family communion;—
Some have their homes too far away,
To join in this reunion.

But ties wherever they may roam,
That distance cannot sever,
Will bind them to their early home,
Their childhood's home forever.

One plant from the parental stand,
(Death culls our fairest flowers;)
Now blooms in that immortal land,
Of never fading bowers.

But shade and sunshine, smiles and tears,
Mingled with pain and pleasure,
Success and losses, hopes and fears,
Make up life's scanty measure.

All these have served life's cup to fill,
In mingled draughts, and whether
That cup had more of good, or ill,
You've shared its draughts together.

A quarter of a century,
Its record is completing,
And brings this anniversary,
Of heartfelt, happy greeting.

We note the busy tooth of time,
That heeds not state or station,
On youthful bloom, and manhood's prime,
Has made its innovation.

But though the brows that once were fair,
Are furrowed now and faded;
We trust the spirits beaming there,
Will ne'er be dimmed or shaded.

As future years shall roll away,
May toils and cares grow lighter;
And may the light of truth each day,
Around your paths grow brighter.

And when at last you reach the side
Of that mysterious river,—
That dark and often dreaded tide,
That we must all pass over;—

There may the beacon light of truth,
Based on the rock eternal;
Light you to realms of endless youth,
In fields forever vernal.

These worn out forms we lay aside,
In that mysterious river;
Emerging from its narrow tide,
In spirit life forever.

There may angelic forms appear,
To hover 'round and o'er you;
The spirit forms of kindred dear,
That left earth life before you.

And in that blissful summer land,
Where love no more is blighted,
May you rejoice, a household band
Forever reunited.

*Children of Mr. Johnson's first marriage.

IS MAN IMMORTAL?

On life's brief journey of a day
As we advance along the way,
New objects constantly arise,
To us, of wonder or surprise.
New fields for thought on every side
Expand around us far and wide,
Till we seem lost, as on a sea
Of deep, unbounded, mystery!
Well may we pause, and contemplate
Our present, past, and future state!
Have we existed but a day,
In these decaying walls of clay?

Or had we an existence, ere,
The date of conscious being here?
Where are we going? What's to be
The record of our destiny?
Oh! tell me, is this restless mind,
When this dull form is left behind,
As worn and useless garments are,
When no more fit for warmth or wear;—
These thinking powers so strangely bright,
These to be quenched in endless night?
Are all the lessons life has taught,
All the experience it has brought,
Gained many times at fearful cost,
Are these to be forever lost?
And shall this longing and desire
For something more, and something higher,
That life has failed to satisfy,
Meet no response, find no supply?
It cannot be! The Almighty hand
A wiser, better course, has planned.
That mighty Power, that formed the chain
Of being, has not wrought in vain.
And not a particle shall shall fade,
Of all the work his hand has made.

In Nature's field, where e'er we range,
We trace the law of endless change:
Tending in all her realm entire,
From lower forms of life to higher.
We know the plant, that lives to-day,
Will die to-morrow, and decay,
And just as true it is, and plain,
The plant that dies will live again.
The form thereof must pass away,
By nature's process of decay.
The elements, embodied there
Must be returned to earth and air:
Severed, perhaps, and scattered wide,
By flooding rain or rushing tide
Till no two particles remain,
Linked by attraction's mystic chain;
Or, on the winged winds be tossed,
But not an atom shall be lost.
Each element shall live again
In tree, or plant, or waving grain.
This change of death, is but designed,
To make its substance more refined.
The germ;—the spirit, if you please,
Of grain, or plant, or forest trees,

Lives in the seed; that Nature's care,
Has largely furnished, everywhere.
The mighty oak, that braves the storm,
Has in the acorn first its form.
What though the acorn must decay
And molder in its native clay?
That germ will burst its prison ring,
And into life and beauty spring.
Can we not read from Nature's plan
The immortality of man?
What though these outward forms must fail,
And molder in the silent vale?
'Tis Nature's process, to set free
The germ of immortality:
And the death scene of labor strife
Is spirit birth to higher life.
But will the thinking powers survive,
When these rude forms have ceased to live?
And their identity retain,
To know and to be known again?
If this be so, what preparation,
Will best befit us for that station,
That waits us on the other shore,
When Death's dark tide we're ferried o'er?

What form of worship, faith or creed,
Will serve the purpose of our need?
What can we take of worldly ware
With us to be an outfit there?
Though all the gold were ours, that shines
In Colorado's mountain mines,—
All must be left, as worthless dross,
When Death's mysterious tide we cross.
Our characters, and these alone,
We carry to the world unknown.
But will the mind expand and grow
In that new home to which we go?
And shall we there, as here, pursue
The paths of science ever new,
By pure angelic beings taught,
The universe, our field of thought?
And can we as on wings of light,
Range through those constellations bright,
That deck the starry dome of night?
Oh! as I sometimes lift my eyes
In admiration to the skies:
And trace that burning banner spread,
In starry brightness overhead,—
That scroll the Infinite unrolled,

In glittering gems of burnished gold;
And let imagination run
From world to world, from sun to sun.—
I've almost wished myself were clear
From this clay form, that holds me here:
Half fearing, anxious to explore
That unknown field that lies before.
Hush, restless spirit! Patient wait
The revelations of thy state.
Why would thou seek another sphere,
While yet but half developed here?
Why seek, with bold, presumptous eye,
In future mysteries to pry?
These things shall all be understood,
As soon as may be for thy good.
Thy future is a record sealed,
Only by time to be revealed.
Then well and wisely as you may,
Perform the duties of to-day;
To do those duties everywhere
Demands thy talent, time and care.
This much is well for thee to know,—
That living right, brings Heaven below.
And just as truly, thou canst tell

That living wrong, brings present Hell.
Then rest in an abiding trust,
In Him who formed thee from the dust;
Do what to thee shall seem the best,
And to thy maker, leave the rest.

MY EARLY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

How feared in my heart were my teachers in childhood,
As scared recollection recalls them to view;
With their long, ugly whips, that were cut in the wildwood,
That wild, tangled wood where the tough switches grew:

From the wide spreading birch, and its ironwood neighbor,

From all of the beeches, the red, white and
blue;
And our poor, flinching backs they were sure to
belabor
For every offence that our infancy knew.

Old maids taught in summer, and oh! how they
scolded;
Their words came like hail stones I am sorry
to tell,
And the raps on our heads, (for our heads must be
moulded)
Made stars fall like blazes wherever they fell.

In winter, young men were our further torment-
ors;
Their fretting and scolding were not quite as
bad;
Of rulers and ferules they were the inventors,
And far more efficient in wielding the gad.

A noble exception was one of my teachers,
His heart was affectionate, friendly and kind;

And a smile of good nature illumined his features,
That warmed like a sunbeam each juvenile mind.

But time has rolled on, with its changes and chances,
Its joys and its sorrows, its hopes and its fears;
And scenes once familiar, as manhood advances,
Grow dim in the distance of fast rolling years.

But deeply enshrined in my childish affection,
The name of that kind hearted teacher shall dwell;
Recalled to be honored, in fond recollection,—
That friend of my childhood, was Robert Twadell.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

So silent is the flight of time,
That years will sometimes seem,

With all their varied changing scenes,
E'en as a fleeting dream.

It seems as 'twere but yesterday,
Since in my childish joy:
I joined my schoolmates in their play,
A wild and thoughtless boy.

A few brief years since that bright day,
On hastening wing have fled;
And many of those schoolmates now
Are slumbering with the dead.

And pictures, that like rainbow beams
Were ranged in bright array,
Have vanished as unreal dreams,
In life's advancing day.

In view of this, my youthful friends,
In kindness I would say:
Life's happy morn will soon be past,
Enjoy it while you may.

WHERE AND WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Oft have I asked as I have mused
On life's mysterious round;—
From whence, and where, and what I am
And whither I am bound?

I turn in retrospection back.
A few brief lines I mark
Along life's rugged, devious track
And all beyond is dark.

I seek to penetrate the shade
That shrouds my path before;
A few brief steps along the grade
I see—but nothing more.

Such then is life; a mingled scene
Of brightness and of gloom,
Fills up the little field between
The cradle and the tomb.

I knew a man far, far advanced

On Time's mysterious shore;
Profound in wisdom, deeply skilled
In theologic lore.

The storms of four score years and ten,
Had fallen on his head;
He seemed as one that stood between
The living and the dead.

With reverence for his hoary hair,
His wisdom, and his age,—
I sought his presence, and addressed
The venerable sage:

Canst thou not see from thy far stand
Beyond the cold dark wave,
That parts us from an unknown land
That lies beyond the grave?

If so, I pray reveal to me,
What I have longed to learn,—
The mystery of that bourne from whence
No travelers return.

Is there a Heaven of perfect bliss
Where happy spirits dwell;
In some bright world far, far from this?
And where and what is Hell?

And when these mortal bodies fail,
And turn to dust again,
Will that which animates, and thinks,
Its consciousness retain?

And tell me, oh! in mercy tell,—
When Death's dark wave I've crossed
Shall I embrace those friends again
That I have loved, and lost?

And in a better, brighter sphere,
With hearts once tried and true,
Those dear connections severed here
With them again renew?

The sire replied: "'Tis not for me
To answer thy request:—
These things are hidden from our view,
'Tis doubtless for the best.

"But let this truth thy mind impress,—
Enough to know is given:
Where goodness is, is happiness,
And happiness is Heaven.

"And here, or in a future state,
Wherever man may dwell;
With wickedness is misery,
And misery is Hell."

MEMORIAL.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

Ye verdant fields, ye groves of green,
Ye smiling flowers so fair to see;
I roam o'er each familiar scene
But now ye bring no joy to me.

For she is gone who oft with me
Has wandered o'er these scenes so fair,
Your bonny bloom, sweet flowers, to see,
And breathe your fragrance in the air.

Thou warbling bird, whose voice so clear
Resounds from yonder flowery tree,
Your cheerful notes charm not my ear,
Ye need not sing such songs for me.

Nor yet for her whose voice with thine
Has oft been tuned in days of yore,—
She's gone to join a choir divine,
She'll sing the songs of Earth no more.

Then sing not thus, sweet bird, I pray,
No more those cheerful notes prolong,
But tune your voice to sorrow's lay,
And soothe me with a plaintive song.

For she is gone:—My hope, my pride,
The star that on my pathway shone
Has sunk beneath that cold, dark tide
That parts us from a world unknown.

Then go, sweet bird, with me repair
To yonder city of the dead,
And sing a mournful requiem there
In sorrow o'er her lowly bed.

And I will range the wildwood bowers,
Where spring's first blossoms brightly bloom,
And when I've culled their fairest flowers
Will strew them sorrowing o'er her tomb.

GEOGRAPHY.

DECLAMATION SPOKEN BY L. H. STODDARD AT SCHOOL PIC-NIC IN COOPER, 1868.

My friends, 'tis plainly to be seen,
I'm but a schoolboy young and green.
But there's no telling by my looks,
How much I may have learned from books.
And yet, 'tis easy to discern
There's something more for me to learn.

The study of Geography
Is full of interest to me,
Such wonderful descriptions giving
Of this strange world in which we're living.
And I sometimes have wished that I
Could travel, fast as bird can fly,
Unharmed o'er continents and seas,
To view its wondrous mysteries;
Its unknown regions to explore,
Where footprint never was before.
I'd like to trace the Nile's proud course
E'en to the fountain of its source;
I'd like, in daring pride, to scale
Earths' highest mountain pinnacle;
And from its topmost peak of snow,
Look down on the dull world below.

I'd like to plunge beneath the waves,
And search old Ocean's wondrous caves.
And there explore, with daring tread,
The deep, cold regions of the dead.
Yes, deeper still, I'd like to go
Earth's central mysteries to know:
And, delving down with pick and spade,

I'd see how the old world is made,
Whether its center, dark and dire,
Is land or water, rock, or fire.

I'd like to stand, I almost think,
On Cotopaxi's awful brink;
And see its grand eruptions rise
In towering grandeur to the skies;—
Flaming, and flashing, wild and dread,
A thousand feet above my head!
See its vast streams of lava flow
From thundering caverns deep below!

Thence over Northern wastes of snow,
E'en to the icy pole I'd go.
Climb to its top, with hook, and claw;
Then, gazing round in giddy awe,
I'd swing my cap, and shout Hurrah!

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

LINES SUGGESTED ON REVISITING THE OLD HOMESTEAD OF THE RUSSELL FAMILY IN WILLIAMSON, WAYNE COUNTY, N. Y., AFTER AN ABSENCE OF ELEVEN YEARS.

Again to memory's magnet true,
Dear scenes of former pleasure;
My steps instinctive turn to you,
As miser to his treasure.

But oh! how changed from days of yore,
These once familiar places:
Familiár forms I meet no more,
See no familiar faces.

The house is here, the garden there,
With places cool and shaded;
But flowers that blossomed pure and fair,
Are blighted now and faded.

Here love was pledged with many a vow,
As kindred hearts united:
And ties were fondly formed, that now
The hand of Death has blighted.

And faithful hearts are cold and chill,
That once were warmly beating;
And tender tones are hushed and still,
That gave me friendly greeting.

And forms so faultless once and fair,
In yonder yard are sleeping;
A sacred soil above them there,
Its silent trust is keeping.

But when a few more days of toil,
My weary way shall number;
This form shall rest beneath the soil
Like their's in peaceful slumber.

Oh! grant me then, I ask no more,
Our spirits reunited;
To dwell with them on that bright shore,
Where love no more is blighted.

And now, dear scenes, again farewell;
Farewell perhaps forever;
Though I in distant lands must dwell,
Forget ye shall I never.

What e'er I am, where e'er I roam,
How e'er my fortunes vary;
My heart shall turn to this, the home
Of my once faithful Mary.

DEDICATION.

LINES ON THE PRESENTATION OF A BEAUTIFUL CASKET MADE AND PRESENTED BY WARREN WHEATON TO HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER, JENNY CLARE WHEATON.

In presence of the Powers above,
In wisdom, justice, truth and love,
And in consideration.
Of the affection that I bear
For thee, my grand-child, Jenny Clare,
I make this dedication.

This casket made, please understand,
By thy paternal grandsire's hand,
A birthday gift to be;
Made when he'd passed his four score years
Of earth life, with its hopes and fears,
He now presents to thee.

And with this work his hand has wrought,
He leaves a few brief lines of thought,
To prompt thee as they may;
In future years, amid the strife,
The conflict and the cares of life,
When he has passed away.

Oft has he borne thee in his arms
To shield thy tender feet from harms,
And felt a joyous pride;
To have thee prattling on his knee,
In thoughtless childhood's happy glee,
Or walking by his side.

And he would add, e'er passing on,
To join his kindred long since gone,
To brighter homes above;

This one more link to memory's chain,
For kindred that may yet remain,
A token of his love.

Then please accept, dear Jenny Clare,
This casket he has made with care,
Which he will now deliver;
And hold in memory's sacred chain,
The giver, and the gift retain,
A sacred trust forever.

The four compartments of the same,
Truth, Justice, Wisdom, Love, we name,
In harmony combined;
Are four important elements,
That constitute the soul, the sense,
The fabric of the mind.

May Truth, like an unchanging star,
Or friendly beacon from afar,
Illume thy path alway;
While Wisdom, like a friendly guide,
Points out the snares on every side,
That lead so oft astray.

May Justice, with perception strong,
Balance the scale of right and wrong,
With ever steady hand:
And Love, with pure angelic art,
To soften and refine thy heart,
Its heavenly influence lend.

Love, we would have it understood
Of all that's noble, pure and good.—
But shun the poisonous breath
Of him who would corrupt thy heart,
Or plant therein with fiendish art
The tree of moral death.

The various blocks as understood,
Each of a different kind of wood,
In harmony combined:
Each fills its own appropriate space,
Each in the structure holds the place,
The architect designed.

So may the Powers that rule above,
And work in harmony and love,
Assist thee, Jenny Clare,

To build as with angelic art,
Within the precinct of thy heart,
A temple pure and fair.

When life's reward is nobly won,
By life's stern duties nobly done,
Its cares and conflicts o'er;
Thy grandsire, with a welcome hand,
Shall greet thee in the spirit land,
Where he has gone before.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH, WIFE OF A. H. STODDARD, WHO DIED OCT. 4, 1849.

Were length of days to mortals given,
Awards of moral worth;
Her spirit, happy now in Heaven,
Had lingered long on Earth.

But oft we see the purest flower
That opens to the light;
Wither and fade, in one brief hour,
Forever from our sight.

And Angel spirits, lingering here,
Soon seek a better home,—
Their's is a higher, happier sphere,
Where sorrow cannot come.

Elizabeth, thou wert to me
A true and faithful wife;
And I had hoped to walk with thee,
E'en to the end of life.

But soon, from Death's unerring bow
A fatal arrow sped;
That hope was blighted at a blow,
And thou wert with the dead!

But though thou art forever gone,
On memory's page, I trace
A record of thy moral worth,
That time cannot erase.

I read thy virtues in each line,
In letters bright and fair;
But faults, (if faults were ever thine,)
Have no recording there.

And O, may the rich boon be mine,
The highest boon I crave;—
To dwell with spirits, such as thine,
In realms beyond the grave.

THE JURYMAN'S DREAM.

The case had been tedious, the lawyers had wrangled,
The juryman's head had grown weary and tangled
With evidence, plain to establish conviction
And equally plain in direct contradiction;—
With motions, objections, and rulings and readings:
Presented by lawyers, with intricate pleadings,—
Intended—this fact to the juror was plain—
To mix up the matter and muddle his brain,
Till the juryman wished—it was very uncivil—
That lawyers and all had been sent to the d—l.
The long, tedious, trial was ended at last:

The jury retired, and their ballots were cast.
The verdict was rendered with little delay,
And the now sleepy juror, discharged for the day.
With toil-wearied body, and care-wearied head,
He sought out his lodging and hurried to bed.
Then, covering up to the tip of his nose,
Endeavored to settle his mind to repose.
But the tangled events of the past busy day,
Arose to his mind in discordant array;
And thought, linked to thought, in order combined,
A train of reflections to bring to his mind.
Thus reasoning, thinking, how clearly he saw
The general folly of going to law.
The heavy expenses, the tedious delay,
The issue uncertain, proceed as we may:—
For lawyers intriguing, will often prevail,
To hinder strict justice from poising the scale.
Thus reasoned the juror profoundly, and now,
He thought of the farmers that lawed for the cow.
While one at the horns pulled with muscle and main.
And made his best effort the cow to retain:
The other pulled equally hard at the tail:—
While two cunning lawyers were filling their pail:

And soon would secure, as was plain to be seen,
Not only the milk, but the body between.
But pictures like this, by the fancy combined;
Grew more indistinct to the juryman's mind;
And sleep, gentle goddess, with soft silken chain,
Soon wrapped in sweet slumber his care-wearied brain.
But though his tired body in slumber was still,
His spirit, in dreamland was roaming at will.
Was roaming in dreamland;—how strangely it seems:—
Ah, who can account for the nature of dreams?
He dreamed he was back in the court room once more,
The court was in session, the same as before;
The judge was presiding with dignified grace:
The sober-faced jurors, each man in his place;
Each fully resolving, as well as he might;
To give his decision for justice and right.
A lawyer was pleading a case by his side
That the juryman very well knew he belied;—
The cause of a black hearted villain, whose name,
Was a term of reproach, and a by-word of shame;
Whose rum-bloated body, and guilt-tellimg face,

In feature, and form, would a demon disgrace.
The lawyer was pleading some technical flaw,
To shield his base client from justice and law;—
When, off in a moment, ere they were aware,
Both lawyer and juror were borne through the air.
Some demon of darkness, both active and strong,
Had seized them together and bore them along.
The lawyer, and juror, both struggled and plead;
The harder they struggled, the faster he sped.
No word of reply to their questions he deigned,
He answered them nothing, and nothing explained.
At length, said the juror, whose terror and dread,
Were fully aroused by the prospect ahead:—
"Wherever we go, I'm determined for one,
To claim and insist that strict justice be done."
"For me," said the lawyer, "'tis justice I fear,
If justice be done, I shall never get clear."
Meanwhile the dark demon, with muscle and
might,
Still hurried them onward, nor slackened his flight.
Down, down, into regions of darkness profound,
Where eye had no vision, and ear caught no
sound;—
Far, far, from the realms of the bright busy day,

This demon of darkness was speeding away.
But once, only once, did he lag on the road,
And vainly endeavored to balance his load.
The juror remarked, as they hurried along,—
The odor of brimstone grew pungent and strong.
And now, as some demon-home region they neared,
A pale blueish light in the distance appeared:
And scarce was there time for a look, or a thought,
When into a large vaulted court they were brought.
With pavement of brimstone, the flooring was spread,
A ceiling of brimstone, the arch overhead.
Huge columns of brimstone supported the same,
While tapers of brimstone, with pale blueish flame
Illumined the place with a wavering glow,
From the ceiling above, to the pavement below.
With claw-hooked fingers, and hoof-cloven feet.
(A huge lump of brimstone was used for a seat,)
With smoke-heaving nostrils and eye-balls of fire,
That glared in their orbits, fierce, fearful and dire;
With smoke blackened features of horrid import,
The grim king of brimstone was holding his court.
An ominous roaring arose from the ground,

Nor yet did it seem a continuous sound,
But rising, and falling, in cadence like roar,
Like the voice of the waves, on a surf-beaten shore.
The demon unclasped from his terrified freight,
Right glad of relief, for his panting was great;
And shrugging a shoulder, said he, "I declare
These liars, confound them how heavy they are.
I couldn't make them balance, do all that I might,
That's just what has worried and hindered my
flight."
He turned to the grim king of sulphur, and said,
Presenting the lawyer, and bowing his head:
"If your Majesty please, I have brought you a liar
From Kalamazoo, at your special desire;—
A shrewd artful fellow, and judged by his weight,
His measure of sinning has been very great.
Of all that I bring to this horrid abode,
'Tis seldom indeed that I get such a load.
I know him right well, and I have not a doubt,
Wherever he goes he will stir up a rout."
His majesty bowed with a gratified grin;
The juice of tobacco flowed over his chin.
The trembling lawyer he keenly surveyed,
"I'm very much needing your service," he said,

"And this, you'll admit, is in justice my due,
For service I often have rendered to you.
In many hard cases where you've been employed,
Stern justice against you, by conscience annoyed,
Drove into close corners, perplexed and in doubt,
I've always found some way of helping you out.
And now, I am in trouble, as you will soon learn,
And claim for my service a proper return:—
In fact I'm puzzled, and you are the man
That's able to help me, if any one can.
There is one little spot, I am sorry to tell,
In the region you worldlings denominate Hell;
Wherein by some source of moral invention,—
I can't give the place my especial attention,—
My subjects are growing so quiet and civil,
Inclining to good, and abandoning evil:—
Are leading such quiet, harmonious lives,
No drinking, no fighting, no beating of wives;—
And lately I'm told they have no litigation;—
They settle their business by mere arbitration.
The boys, it is said, have quit smoking and chewing,
And my business, I fear, is fast going to ruin.
The lazy, no longer are trying to shirk,

The idlers and loafers are going to work;
Indeed if this state of affairs should prevail
My chief occupation must certainly fail,
At least in that section,—and little I doubt,
If left to themselves that the fire will go out.
And now I want you, a professional liar,
To go down among them and stir up the fire.
Or, what to my mind is a far better plan,
Stir up litigation as soon as you can.
Get up all you can of contention and strife,
Get jealousy up, between husband and wife;
And this you will see, as the natural course is,
Will furnish employment obtaining divorces.
Make honest industry a thing of disgrace,
Put gambling, and gossiping, into its place;
Encourage all sorts of extravagant living,
This leads men to robbing, and lying, and thieving.
Set each one to hating his neighbor and brother,
And they'll stir the brimstone to torment each other.
And when you've stirred up the contemptible nest,
Of course you'll expect to be burned with the rest.
For when we set out to make hell for our neighbor,

We too will have hell in return for our labor.
You have your instructions, and now by the way,
I give you a moment, what have you to say?"
"I plead a demurrer," the lawyer replied,
"And move these proceedings be all set aside.
Allowing me time for a brief explanation,
I'll show a mistake in identification.
And, doubtless you'll find, at the root of this work,
Some ignorant novice or blundering clerk;
Who seeing the lawyer, attached to my name,
And reading it liar, has copied the same.
That I am a lawyer, is all very true,
Attending the circuit at Kalamazoo."
"A lawyer, a liar," his majesty said;
He turned to the culprit, nodded his head,
"Pray where is the difference made to appear?
Those terms you should know are synonymous here.

If you are a lawyer it settles the case,
We will find for you soon an appropriate place.
Yet candor requires me to make this concession,
There's some honest men in the legal profession;
Who make it their business, so far as they can,
To institute justice between man and man.

And all of my efforts to bribe or seduce,
With this class of lawyers, has been of no use.
There's some of this class up in Kalamazoo,
With such, I of course can have nothing to do:—
I've no place provided for strict honest men,
I always return them when brought to my den.
But you are my subject, your record is known,
Yourself, and your service, I claim as my own.
But I have no time to make further oration,
My deputy here will assign you your station."
A huge, horrid monster, black, fearful and grim,
Advanced to the lawyer and seized upon him.
Smoke, flashes and flame from the ground seemed
to rise,
Half strangling the juror and blinding his eyes:—
With terror half fainting you well may suppose,
Great globules of sweat fell like beads from his
nose.

He shook like an aspen with terror and dread:
His hair stood like porcupine quills on his head:—
But when he recovered his sight, as before,
The lawyer was gone and he saw him no more.
The lawyer disposed of, the next thing in place
The demon presented the juryman's case.

He said: "I have no special charges to make,
My bringing him here may have been a mistake:
But, finding a numerous and wrangling crew
Of those they call lawyers, in Kalamazoo;
And knowing I'd have, as is always the case,
The most of their number to bring to this place;
It seems to me best, as a time saving plan,
To take two together whenever I can.
This man was among them, presumption was strong,
I thought him a lawyer and brought him along.
But yet on the way I was somewhat in doubt,
Uncertain, at least, how the thing would turn out.
But now I perceive, in the light as he stands,
His sun-browned complexion, and toil hardened hands,
And judging by these, I have reason to fear
For once I have got the wrong pig by the ear.
And yet, I propose we examine his case,
We may find this is his appropriate place."
His Majesty now to the juryman turned;
His name, age, and occupation were learned.
He was by profession a farmer, he said,
And always had worked for his clothing and bread;

But now was a juryman, sworn to be true,
Attending the circuit at Kalamazoo.
His name, which he'd never had cause to disown,
On the old bible record was Solomon Stone.
And as to the legal profession, he said,
'Twas the last he would enter for gaining his bread.
Then as to his statements, he'd prove they were true,
If they would return him to Kalamazoo.
The clerk of the court was now ordered to look
And see if he found such a name on the book.
The record was searched with attention and care,
But Solomon Stone was not registered there.
His Majesty puzzled, was scratching his head;
Then once more addressing the juror, he said:
"From record, or witness, it does not appear,
That we had good reason for bringing you here.
It seems to have caused you a terrible fright;
It may do you good;—but we'll make it all right.
And now, as your record seems honest and fair.
We've no wish to injure or harm you a hair."
Then having occasion his quid to renew,
He graciously offered the juror a chew:

And curtly remarked, as he proffered the weed:
"This didn't grow on earth, till I planted the seed.
It helps very much, I could prove by the showing,
To furnish me subjects and keep Hell a going."
The juror the offer politely refused:
"Tobacco," said he, "I have never yet used,
For this simple reason, allow me to say,
I never believed 'twas a thing that would pay."
"Well, well," said the fiend, "I won't argue the case,
Perhaps you will take something else in its place?"
He drew from his pocket a flask, as he spoke;
Besmeared with hot brimstone, and blackened with smoke;
And holding it out, with a nod, and a wink,
He said: "You of course will have something to drink?"
'Tis what men call whisky, I'm happy to tell
It had its conception and birth-place in Hell.
The art of distilling, allow me to mention,
I claim most important of all my invention.
And, but for its use, in the world overhead,
My business would scarcely afford me my bread.
But I must admit, I am somewhat afraid

Of the women,—at work in the liquor crusade;
Should they be successful and rum drinking stop,
'Twill ruin my business, and shut up my shop.
In short, my dependence, the product, and sum,
Of all my success must be based upon rum."
The juror replied: "I am sorry you think
I'll accept, and partake, of your horrible drink.
These forty-five years I've abstained from its use;
To partake of it now, were a horrid abuse
Of myself, of my conscience, my children, my wife,
The act would torment me the rest of my life.
And further," said he, "I have witnessed enough
Of the misery caused by that horrible stuff.
Our nation degraded, our credit despoiled:
The tide of our politics ruffled and roiled;
The fiercest displays of political strife,
That aim at the root of our national life;
Political gambling of every grade
By vile politicians, who make it a trade,
Electing, instead of the wise and the just
To stations important, of honor and trust,—
The refuse, the filth of political scum:
All this is the work of your favorite rum.
Our morals corrupted, our young men decoyed

To dens of pollution, made drunk and destroyed.
Our prisons, our jails, and our poor-houses filled,
Our grave yards like garden-fields furrowed and tilled!
Time, talent and treasure, no numbers can tell,
All, all swallowed up in this vortex of Hell!
While crimes the most horrid, dark, fearful and black,
Are read in the record rum leaves in its track!
And last, but not least, of the charges I bring,
Is the ruin that's wrought in the family ring.
I've seen the old mother, her life nearly done,
Weep, over the wreck of her once noble son,—
That son her dependence, to steady, and stay
Her last fainting footsteps, on life's weary way.
I've seen the old father, bent low in despair,
Look down to the earth, for a resting place there:
For the sons, he had hoped were to honor his name,
Rum-wrecked, had gone down with a record of shame.
And worse than all others, the heart broken wife,
Degraded, discouraged, and weary of life;
Her heart's best affections, her children, her home,
A sacrifice made to the demon of rum!

All these I have witnessed, and can you now think
I'll accept, and partake, of your damnable drink?
The pledge I have signed, and in peace or in strife,
The pledge I shall keep to the end of my life.
You speak of the women, Lord answer their prayer,
And stay this dread torrent of death and despair!"
With a horrible scowl, and a shake of his head,
The fiend turned around to the demon, and said:
"That fellow is crazy; why what shall we think?
From Kalamazoo, and refuses a drink!
Whoever before, from that rum-loving place,
Has heard of or seen a more singular case?
I wouldn't have him here for a twelvemonth and day,
For all of the money an Astor could pay.
He's wild as a windmill; that's perfectly plain,
And doubtless belongs where they keep the insane.
Such preaching as his with a practice to grace
Would make even hell a respectable place!
Then said, and he gave the poor demon a whack,
"You take the old fellow, and carry him back;
You certainly got the wrong pig by the ear:—

That crazy old farmer, I won't have him here."
The words were scarce uttered when lo, with a dash,
The juror was borne through the air, like the flash,
Of a swift shooting meteor;—so it did seem,
When sweating with terror he woke from his dream!
A moment around him, bewildered, amazed,
Like one half unconscious he vacantly gazed;—
Till reason again, with reflection combined,
Resumed the control of his wavering mind.
And now, 'twas the task of his much puzzled brain
The cause of his terrible dream to explain.
A lamp unextinguished on going to bed,
Threw a glimmering glare on the juryman's head.
And this, in accordance with optical law;
Would fully account for the light which he saw.
A new fashioned garment of feminine wear,
Was hung on the back of a neighboring chair.
Its bustle, its flounces, its flummeries, all
Were fully portrayed on the opposite wall.

Its shadowy outline, a horrible thing,
He doubtless had thought it the sulphurous king.
He now turned his thought to that terrible roaring,
That too was explained,—'twas his bedfellow snoring.
And now in the way that may seem to you best:
I leave you, my friends, to account for the rest.

PIONEERING.

READ AT THE RE-UNION OF THE KALAMAZOO COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION, AUG., 1876.

'Tis not to the victor, returning from far,
With the spoils of the vanquished, sad trophies of war,
That we come to give greeting: we see in his train
The cottage in ashes, the corpse-covered plain.

His god is ambition; fierce, bloody, and grim,
We've no words of welcome, or cheering for him.
But we come to give greeting, and honor, and
cheers,
To you, honored fathers, our old Pioneers.
For not like the conquering warrior you come,
With flourish of trumpet, and thunder of drum;
And the fields you have left are not covered with
slain,
But teeming with verdure and waving with grain.
And the homes you have left, are awake and alive
With the labors of love, like the bee-buzzing hive.
With pride we may tell of the deeds you have done,
Of the battles you've fought, and the conquests
you've won.
For you are the men that with death-telling
stroke,
Made war on the high-headed monarchs of oak;—
That conquered, and wrought from the forest, the
spoil
Of our beautiful fields, with your sweat and your
toil.
That laid the foundation, and graded the way,
For all that our country can boast of to-day.

Its beautiful dwellings, on hillside and plain,
Where plenty, and peace, and prosperity reign:
Its flourishing cities, our own with the rest,
Fair Kalamazoo; brightest gem of the West.
But the credit we give for this work of your lives
Must be equally shared with your brave-hearted wives.
For this is a fact that you may as well own,
You ne'er would have conquered the forest alone.
And but for your wives, you had all ran away
Or else had gone wild, and been savage to-day.
When you went from the conflict, toil-wearied at night,
Who made your rude cabin look cheerful and bright?
And when you lay prostrate with sickness, and pain,
And your hot, fevered blood rushed like fire to your brain,—
Who stood by your side, do you think of it now?
And smoothed your hot pillow, and bathed your hot brow?
Nor yet to the pioneer farmer alone
Can we give all the credit for what has been done.

To all who have worked with the hand, or the
head,
To build up our country or furnish its bread,—
The preacher, who pointed the pathway to God,
The honest day worker, who carried the hod,
The merchant, mechanic, aye every one,
Give credit to all for the good they have done.
The dressmaker, even, who rigs up our wives,
The stay of our homes, and the light of our lives,—
Although in her effort, I very much fear
She makes the dear creatures entirely too dear.
And here 'tis but justice to mention his name
Who built the first house on this beautiful plain.
On soil that he gave us, a tribute we'll pay
To the memory of old Titus Bronson to-day.
And Aunt Sally Bronson, his brave-hearted wife,
Give honor to her for her pioneer life.
But where are your comrades, who stood by your
side
In this war of the wilderness, trusted and tried?
Your ranks have grown thin, there are vacancies
there,
Do you point to the churchyard to tell where they
are?

That place does not hold them, its mounds only
show
Where you laid their cold bodies, to moulder be-
low.
You have stood by their sides in the chamber of
death,
Where their fever-worn bodies lay gasping for
breath.
And the hand that you held, grew more clammy
and chill,
And its pulses beat fainter, then stopped, and were
still!
Did you see a bright light kindle up in the eye
With the last feeble pressure, that bade you good
bye?
And the quivering lip, that was powerless to speak
As the dew drops of death settled cold on the
cheek?
It burned for a moment, then paled and was
gone:
A form lay before you, its tenant had flown.
The fire had departed, "for ever and aye,"
And you carefully laid its cold ashes away.
That light was immortal; that fire was Divine,

And will burn when yon sun-god no longer shall
shine.
But where is the spirit? where now does it dwell?
Your poet to-day is unable to tell.
We hear of a land that is lovely and bright,
Beyond the dark river, but just out of sight;
Where the angel of Justice shall freely bestow
A reward to the good for their labor below.
We are nearing that river, Time's fartherest shore,
That sooner or later we all must go o'er:—
And we trust in that region of beauty and bliss,
There'll be a re-union more happy than this.

SHALL WE TRY?

Life has its duties, he who will,
Can find a useful place to fill
In Life's great vineyard; you and I
Can find employment,—Shall we try?

Life has its trials, everywhere
We shall encounter toil and care;
On Life's great pathway, you and I
Should meet them bravely,—Shall we try?

Life has its sorrows, grief and woe
From many bitter fountains flow;—
Their source indeed we cannot dry;
We may relieve them,—Shall we try?

Life has its pleasures, happy they
Who truly seek, in wisdom's way,
Life's sweetest dew-drops; you and I
May freely taste them,—Shall we try?

Life is a mystery, we know
Not what the future may bestow:—
We know this much, that you and I
Can make improvement,—Shall we try?

Life is a school, where e'er we turn,
A useful lesson we may learn;—
Each day life gives us, you and I
Ought to grow wiser,—Shall we try?

Life has its faults, imperfect man
Needs to improve as best he can,—
We all have failings, you and I
Ought to grow better,—Shall we try?

Life sets before us good and ill,
And we may choose the which we will,—
The good is Heaven, for you or me,
The bad is Hell,—Which shall it be?

WINE IS A MOCKER.

Oh, look not on the wine cup fair,
Breathe not its poisonous breath;
An adder coiled, is lurking there,
Whose stinging leads to death.

'Tis but another coil, to suit
That same old serpent lie;—
That though we take forbidden fruit,
We shall not surely die.

Thousands have tried its treacherous bait,
And tampered with its snare;
They've gone, to meet a drunkard's fate,
Have gone, oh, tell me where?

However mild that cup may seem,
'Tis fearful in its wrath.
And like the mountain lava stream,
Bears ruin in its path.

"Strong drink is raging;" touch it not,
But from its presence flee;
Avoid it as you would the spot
That bears the upas tree.

For all along the human tide,
Unnumbered wrecks declare,
That where the wine cup has been tried,
Danger and death are there.

OUR OLD CANDLE STAND—A DREAM.

'Tis an old-fashioned round-top and stands in the chamber,
A relic of ages departed and gone.
Its age, e'en tradition has ceased to remember,
'Twas grandmother's mother's, is all that is known.

I had a strange dream, and propose to relate it,
About that same candle stand, dingy and old—
Though I scarcely expect you'll believe when I state it,
So strangely it happened, as you shall be told.

I dreamed it was evening, that I had been reading;
'Twas late,—I was thinking of going to bed,—
When a strange sounding step, from chamber proceeding,
Attracted my thoughts to the room overhead.

Said I, "That is strange: there is some mischief in it!"
I snatched up a chair, and my wife caught the broom;
The stair door flew open, 'twas all in a minute,
And out walked that candle stand into the room.

There was no person near it to move it or steer it,—
I'd heard of stands walking in that way before;—
Thought I, now it may be the work of a spirit,
I'll ask it some questions,—it moved toward the door.

Said I begging pardon, pray where are you going?
My voice doubtless trembled somewhat in my fright;—
Do you hear how the cold, wintry wind is now blowing?
Don't venture abroad, 'tis a terrible night.

A moment it paused,—but my words were unheeded,—
Then down came its foot with whack on the floor;
The front door flew open; again it proceeded,
With quick, nervous footsteps the same as before.

Said I 'tis a spirit; I'm forced to believing,
By this time my hair stood like stakes on my head;—
Said wife, "If the old stand is bent upon leaving,
Don't let it run off with that nice linen spread."

I snatched for the stand cloth, but O! what a mishap,
For just at that moment a half-wakened scream;
And a voice, crying, "What do you want with my night cap?"
Awoke me at once,—it was only a dream.

PIONEERING.

READ AT AUGUSTA, 1878.

It seems to be a custom of the times,
At gatherings like this, to call for rhymes.
And if your servant, with his pen or tongue,
Can please the aged, or instruct the young;
His skill poetic, little though it be;
Shall be employed most cheerfully and free.
And if in comic lines his numbers run,
Pardon his lightness and his love of fun.

While he shall make a brief attempt to show,
Something of times and customs long ago:—
Relating facts, as they to him occurred,
And something, too, of stories he has heard.
And if in scenes of distant, bygone years,
Something to wake your mirthfulness appears,
In this rude world, so rugged and so rough,—
Laugh when you may, there will be tears enough.
Then let us backward turn in brief review;
Compare old customs with the strange and new:
And see if all this change, and onward move-
ment
Among mankind, is really improvement.
In those old times, say fifty years ago,—
The world, as we may say, was moving slow.
But in that matter, people were contented,—
Railroads with lightning trains, were not in-
vented.
'Twas thought a big thing, when a man could go
In one short week from Troy to Buffalo:
And in addition, carry with him there,
His wife, his children and his household ware:—
And if by chance, the line boat had to wait
For change of horses, or to take on freight,

People were patient, did not fret and worry,
And seldom thought of being in a hurry.
But now they go five hundred miles a day,
They are impatient of the least delay.
And if a streak of lightning they could ride,
Manage its course and all its movements guide,
They'd run the risk of peril and disaster,
And whip and spur, to make it go still faster.
Our boys were slow, it took them longer then
To get to where they fancied they were men.
In fact, they seldom thought they knew
More than their fathers, till their whiskers grew.
Were early taught to plow, to plant, and sow,
And to be patient, though their work went slow.
They'd no machines, by steam or horse-power
dashing,
To do their mowing, reaping, raking, threshing;
For all such work, of course you understand,
In olden time, was slowly done by hand.
This being so, of course it must be plain,
Our boys had little time for raising Cain.
No steel spring buggies tempted them to ride,
To spend their dimes, and gratify their pride.
Nor did they go to village clothing store

To buy the home-made garments that they wore:—
But thought themselves respectably arrayed
In cloth their mother's hands, perhaps, had made.
Worked for small wages, managed though to clear
And save a little money, every year.
It was a custom, very common then,
Among our young and enterprising men,—
As soon as they had cash at their command,
To go out West and buy a lot of land.
And, with this object constantly in view,
They learned to save their time, and money too.
Made small investments, at the liquor bars,
And smaller still in purchasing cigars.
This thing accomplished in the course of life,—
The next thing was, you say, to get a wife.
This brought the "tug of war," for you must know
Our girls were backward then, and rather slow,
In forming matrimonial relation;—
They wanted time, for due consideration.
I know it took me three long years, at least,

To get to where I could employ the priest.
'Twas long ago, but my good wife and I,
Have never thought for a divorce to try.
But now, (and it to me seems very queer),
They wed, and get divorced within a year.
Then when a girl would promise a young man
To marry him and go to Michigan,—
Would brave the horror of its ague shakes,
And dare the danger of its dreaded snakes,
It fixed the business, settled it for life,
She loved him well enough to be his wife.
It took some sparking though with every miss,
To get her up to such a point as this.
To come up here, say fifty years ago,
Was something to be thought of, you should know.
Why did we call it sparking? Very well—
Listen a moment then and I will tell.
The open fire-place, now so much abused,
Was by our old-time farmers mostly used.
And in those happy, well-remembered days,
We used to court before its cheerful blaze.
And when said blaze would get a little low,
And failed to warm us with its ruddy glow,—

We would get up with footsteps very spry,
And with the poker, always standing by,
Would stir the fire, the sparks of course would
fly—
We called it sparking, that's the reason why.
Our girls were trained in each domestic art,—
To know their duty, and to do their part.
Didn't always wait for drudging Ma to call,
Hoping she'd get along and do it all.
Their simple habits, exercise and air,
Had made them healthy, vigorous and fair.
To show that they were plump, and held out
weight,
A little story let me here relate:
On one occasion, George, with prospects bright,
Went out to see his girl one Sunday night.
They chatted merrily awhile, when he,
With much persuasion, got her on his knee.
She was a solid lass, for you should ken
Girls were not made of cotton batting then.
This girl was flesh and blood, and all around,
Weighed nearly twenty ounces to the pound.
Time, for awhile, passed pleasantly away,
She on his lap seemed well content to stay.

But he began to feel a strange sensation,
As though his blood was not in circulation.
He hitched about, and tried to change his base,
To shift the burden to another place;
Hoping to keep the life blood in his leg,
But as for her, she never moved a peg.
At length he asked the very happy maid,
If she could tell him just how much she weighed.

His case was fast becoming desperate,
Or he would not have asked her of her weight.
At last the girl, not meaning to be rough,
And thinking she had tortured him enough,—
Asked him, in accents very mild and sweet,
If she should not get up, and take another seat.
"Oh, no," he said, "you needn't get up; 'tis past all human power

To save me now, my leg is dead, and has been dead an hour.

Our girls had little time for making shows
Of flounces, ruffles, puckers, tucks and bows.
Didn't change with each new moon, their style of bonnet,—

Thought more of what was in their head than
on it.
There was one kind of bow pleased every miss;
It was a young man's elbow, bent like—this <.
And I have known them walk for miles, content,
To hold to such a bow, if closely bent.
They didn't then carry, please to bear in mind,
A load of rumpled dry-goods, on behind.
And when we got them fairly on the track
They'd nothing in their dress to pull them back.
There was one fashion, that I will allow
Ridiculous almost, as fashions now,
It was a horrid puff about the shoulder,
And worn by girls, say ten years old, and older.
I cannot tell you just how large they were,
Nearly as large as bushel baskets are.
And while their faces looked like bright full
moons,
Their arms and shoulders looked like huge balloons.
These puffs were horrible, I will allow,
But not as dangerous as puffs are now.
I mean those silly puffs of make-believe,
Young men will give to flatter and deceive.

For instrumental music, by the way,
Our girls were taught on spinning wheels to play,
And with their cheerful voices, ringing clear,
Made music that was charming to the ear:—
Compared with which the organ's soulless tone,
Is but a lifeless, senseless, drowsy drone.
The girls are asking why it is young men
Are less inclined to marry now than then?
Well, listen then, while I this thing explain,
And I will try to make the matter plain.
It did not cost us half as many dimes
To get a wife in those old-fashioned times.
A dollar was the old established price,
For fitting up a matrimonial splice.
And when the priest had tied the marriage knot,
It seldom loosened, or would slip a jot.
Indeed, you'll say, "It beats the very Nick,"
To know how true and close our wives would stick.
But now, it beats the venerable Harry,
To see how very loosely people marry:—
And where's the priest, that for a single dollar,

Would fit a couple with a marriage collar?
Then, when a woman wanted a new dress,
Eight yards would make it—sometimes less—
And I have heard a good old lady say
'Twas no great thing to make one in a day.
They'd no machines, like busy-fingered witches,
To take ten thousand worse than useless stitches;
Nor did they make a worse than useless trail,
To drag behind them, longer than a rail.
Now how much cloth is needed for a dress?
From fifteen yards to fifty, I should guess:—
And then to make it, within bounds to speak,
Would doubtless occupy about a week.
In view of this, our young men that have senses,
Before they marry stop to count expenses.
And clearly see 'twould make a fearful lack, o'
Of dimes, with which to purchase their tobacco.
In those old times, I'm happy to declare,
That cases of insanity were rare.
How is it now? To me 'tis very plain.
That half the world at least has gone insane.
Our wives are crazed, and here the great distress is,
Studying and planning how to rig their dresses;

To carry out the all-pervading passion,
To have them cut, and made, and trimmed in fashion.

Our men are crazy and bereft of senses;—
Devising ways to meet the vast expenses,
Our girls go crazy when their hearts are broke;
Our boys go crazy on tobacco smoke.
And so in single life, are doomed to stay,
To smoke their senses, and their dimes away.
We must return to simpler ways again,
Or else the whole concern will go insane.
When our young men concluded to invest
In matrimonial arrangements, and "go West;"
Brave girls were ready to come with them here,
And share the hardships of the pioneer.
God bless those brave old pioneering wives
Who could adapt the order of their lives;
Wisely conforming to their situation,
Mid scenes of sickness, hardship and privation.
Could ride to meeting in their plain array
In lumber wagons,—jolting by the way.
Not drawn by prancing, fiery steeds, as now;—
But by the sober brothers of the cow.
The rude log cabin, with its scanty fare,

With those they loved, they cheerfully would
share.
Would risk their lives in this malarial clime,
Patiently toiling,—hoping that in time
Fair homes would rise around them, and invest
Their later years with plenty, peace and rest.
Some failed to realize their expectation;—
Borne down by sickness, hardship and privation.
Many have gone, we trust the better way;—
And some, thank God, are with us here to-day.
May their descendants realize, and know,
To them a debt of gratitude they owe.
And strive, by every means, that debt to pay,
For countless blessings we enjoy to-day.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

READ ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARRIAGE OF CAPT. J. R. HENDRYX AND LADY, OF HAMILTON, VAN BUREN COUNTY, MARCH 11TH, 1880.

Respected friends, we meet with you,
And join on this occasion,
In offering, as is justly due,
Our warm congratulation.

In this, we hope to make again
The lamps of memory brighter,
To add new links to friendship's chain,
And make the old ones brighter.

For, worthy friends, you pass to-day,
With early vows unblighted,
The fiftieth mile-stone, on the way,
From where your paths united.

You've reached a point, by few attained
In marital relation;
And made a record that has gained
Our highest admiration.

From this far stand-point on the track,
Your minds instinctive flow
Back, o'er your lengthened pathway, back
To days of long ago.

Allow us, friends, to go with you,
And in poetic lays,
Recall, and bring again to view,
The scenes of other days.

As we have seen two currents flow
In separate channels on;
Till, joining in the vale below,
They mingled into one:

So, friends, your separate paths we trace,
By fancy's magic line;
Down to that well remembered place
Where both in one combine.

We see you at the altar stand,
In youthful bloom and pride,
Clasping each other by the hand,
The bridegroom and the bride.

We hear your fervent pledges made,
Of faith and love for life;
We hear the solemn service said
That made you man and wife.

We see you start together there,
A common path to tread;
Jointly its good or ill to share,
Your motto, "Go ahead."

Success your efforts seemed to crown,
Till like an early frost,
Misfortune's heavy hand came down,
And all you had was lost.

We see you journeying to the West,
You came with empty hand,
Without a dollar to invest
In house, or home, or land:—

For poverty, that meager foe,
Now held you in his grip;—
Your motto now, we're glad to know,
Was, "Don't give up the ship."

Still to your early purpose true,
A fortune to possess,—
You persevered, and pulled it through,
And made a grand success.

But mournful memories will rise,
As we review the past;
And scenes that wake our sympathies
Come thronging thick and fast.

Five times you've joined the sad array,
That moved with measured tread,
To bear your darling babes away,
And lay them with the dead.

If tender recollections here,
Should cause a tear to swell;
We can excuse the swelling tear,
We know the cause full well.

We, too, have heard a prattling tone,
That caused our heart to thrill,—
The voice of one from this world gone,
A tongue forever still.

But on the brighter summer shore,
When Death's dark wave we've crossed,
We hope to clasp those babes once more,
That we have loved and lost.

But you have taken orphans home,
To give parental care;—
These filled, in part, the vacuum
Death had occasioned there.

And when from this cold world we go,
Of selfishness and sin:
Can we a better record show,—
That good "well done" to win;—

Than that we sheltered from its storm,
The widow in distress,
And folded to our bosoms warm
Her children fatherless?

We'd better have this recommend,
When life's last day is done,
Than all the glory ever gained
By old Napoleon.

For every act of kindness done
To those who needed aid,
Will smooth our path, as as we go down,
On life's descending grade.

May those you've sheltered not forget
A due regard to show,—
But strive to pay the sacred debt
Of gratitude they owe.

But, friends, our sun is sinking low
Behind the Western hill;—
A few more tide-wave's ebb and flow,
Our span of life will fill.

The rugged oak, that rears its form,
And lifts its branches high;
May stand erect, amid the storm,
And lightning of the sky:

May stand while empires rise and fall;
Till centuries are past;
But Time, the conquerer of all,
Will bow its form at last.

So with ourselves: Time's silent tread
Has left his impress now,
In wintry frost-locks on our head,
And furrows on our brow.

Like cabin of the pioneer,
These tenements of clay,
That hold these restless spirits here,
Must perish and decay.

But fairer, better homes we trust,
Beyond the narrow tide,
Await, when these are turned to dust
The Bridegroom and the Bride.

FREE SOIL.

WRITTEN OCTOBER 1880.

I would not dwell on slave-cursed soil,
For all the guilty gold
That slave-doomed victims ever earned,
For tyrant hands to hold.

Though Nature with a lavish hand,
Has scattered wide and free,
Her choicest products o'er that land,
'Tis not the home for me.

I care not though each mountain side,
With burnished gold may glow;
I care not though its rivers glide
O'er diamond beds below.

If man, upon those golden shores
A cringing slave must be,—
I care not for its precious stores,
'Tis not the land for me.

I care not though its Southern clime
Breathe one eternal spring;—
I care not though its fertile soil,
Earth's richest products bring.

If bound in slavery's galling chains,
A human form I see;
Its favored clime, its fertile plains,
Could be no home for me.

I care not though its breezes blow
From Eden's fragrant bowers,—
I care not though sweet fragrance flow
From Earth's selectest flowers.

If tyrant hands have planted there
Oppression's baleful tree;
I could not breathe its slave-cursed air,
'Tis not the land for me.

With me it matters little where
The oppressor's power is seen;
Whether in rice swamps at the South,
Or Erin's fields of green.

Where e'er God's image is oppressed,
On continent or sea:—
Or North, or South, or East, or West,
'Tis not the home for me.

I'd rather bear the bitterest storms
Our Northern mountains know;
Though wintry tempests veil their forms,
In never-melting snow.

Though Earth be bound in frosty chains,
If man himself be free:—
The land where most of freedom reigns,
There is the home for me.

OLD STYLE OF DENTISTRY.

In olden times, say fifty years ago,
The style of dentistry, as I will show,
Was very different from the style to-day:—
We got more work, for less than half the pay.
With common doctors we were then contented,

These horrid dentists hadn't been invented.
We used old fashioned teeth, and they
Were nicely fitted and put in to saty.
But these new fashioned things, oh fie!
You give a sudden sneeze, and out they fly.
But ours were fixed so very firm and stout;
We'd sneeze almost as soon, our boot soles out.
A tooth would sometimes ache, and when
We'd tried all remedies, then known, in vain,
To ease our anguish and relieve our pain;—
Had griped our jaws, and held them firm and tight;
And walked the floor for hours by day and night,—
Had kicked the dog and cat, till all was blue,
Because they wouldn't have the tooth-ache, too,
Had tried to chew and smoke, and this of course,
Had only made the matter ten times worse,
Had roiled our stomachs, made our heads to reel,
And larger than a sack of tangled wool to feel;—
At last, with pain, and rage, almost distracted,
We'd go and get the horrid thing extracted.
No, not extracted, here I ought to mention
Extracting teeth's another new invention.

Our doctor *pulled* our teeth, and I will tell
How it was done, for I remember well.
He had us in a stout, old-fashioned chair,
Our heads thrown back in stern but mute despair.
With skill professional and studied art,
He pulled our jaws, like wood-chuck traps, apart;
Then with his jack-knife, cut away the gum.
Didn't it hurt? Of course it hurt us some;—
Now came the turnkeys,—carefully he looked,
And felt, to see they were securely hooked.
All this was slowly done with circumspection,
Giving us time for some sublime reflection.
Then came the "tug of war," the which to meet,
We clenched our hands, and firmly braced our feet.
And should have set our teeth, firm in their places,—
But that he had his cant-hook in our faces.

Now he would pull, and wrench, and twist,
And lift us from our chair;
And when we hit him with our fist,
He did not seem to care:

Intent on what he was about,
And bound to earn his pay,
He'd have that horrid grinder out,
If't took him half a day.

And when we came to settle up,
For all this toil and time,
The generous man would only charge
A shilling, or a dime.

But, oh! these horrid dentists now,
Before we've time to "holler,"
Will jerk a tooth out of our heads,
And charge us half a dollar!

TEMPERANCE ODE—A PARODY.

From Maine's remotest fountains,
From California's strand,
To where Columbia's mountains,
In towering grandeur stand:

The voice of supplication,
Is borne o'er hill and plain,
Oh, save our rum-cursed nation
From rum's degrading chain.

Ten thousand hearts are bleeding.
Are bleeding at this hour;
Ten thousand tongues are pleading,
Against this demon power.
With voice like many waters,
All o'er our wide domain,
Oh, save our sons and daughters,
From rum's degrading chain.

And shall the demon longer
In Hellish arts refined;
With tighter chains and stronger,
Our sons and brothers bind?
Must faithful wives in anguish,
Their griefs in silence bear;
Must helpless children languish,
Denied a father's care?

Our noblest minds are waking,
And rousing in their might;—
Young men the pledge are taking,
Their motto, "Dare do right."
In numbers still increasing,
With firm resolve they come,
To wage a war unceasing,
Against the monster rum.

Rejoice! the clouds are lighter,
And from our Eastern strand,
A better day and brighter,
Is dawning on our land.
We hail with exultation
The dawning of the day,—
That brings to us salvation,
From rum's degrading sway.

March, 1877.

THE OLD FASHIONED JOHNNY CAKE.

How sweet to my taste was the bread of my child-
hood,
That fond recollection recalls to my mind;
When hungry I came, from the school or the
wild-wood;
An old-fashioned johnny cake hoping to find.

The old-fashioned fire-place, the kettle hung o'er it,
Suspended by pot-hook, from trammel or
crane;—
And the old-fashioned johnny cake baking be-
fore it,
Are pictures my memory will ever retain.

How nice, from the amply filled plate to receive it,
As piece, after piece, took the road to my
mouth;—
There was no other bread could induce me to
leave it,
Though loaded with sweets from the far sun-
ny South.

How different now from the days of my child-
hood;—
I go to my dinner, dejected in mind,
From my toil in the school-room, the field or the
wild-wood,
An old-fashioned johnny cake never to find.

And all they may cook of their new-fangled no-
tions,
The rarest and richest that wealth can afford;
Can never awaken such pleasing emotions,
As an old-fashioned johnny cake, baked on a
board.

The moderns may boast of the world's onward
movement,
Its wondrous advances in science and arts;
And talk of refinement, and moral improvement,
To mend people's manners, and better their
hearts;—

But give me the health and the social enjoyment,
Those old-fashioned customs and times could
afford;
When men made a living, by honest employment,
And fed upon johnny cakes baked on a board.

When our old-fashioned grandmothers, happy and
healthy,
Contentedly lived as their means would afford;
And cheerfully labored to make themselves
wealthy,
And fed upon johnny cakes baked on a board.

TO A. F. HAYNES.

ACCEPTANCE OF AN INVITATION TO GIVE A READING OF ORIGINAL POEMS BEFORE THE WATSON GRANGE, APRIL 12TH, 1879.

My dear friend Haynes, 'tis justly due,
That I present my thanks to you,
And to that strange, mysterious band,
Called Grangers, as I understand,
For giving me a friendly call
To give a reading in their hall.

It does not come within my range
To say one word against the Grange.
Indeed, I've formed the resolution
Of friendship for the institution;—
And frequently have thought that I
Would join the Grange,—at least would try.
But when I came to look ahead,
How could I otherwise than dread
The horrid torture, and vexation,
Of what they call initiation.
And then, of course, I had a doubt,—
Perhaps, thought I, they'll vote me out.
Now I've a curiosity
To get inside a Grange and see,—
That I may learn from inside view,
If all I've heard and read is true.
Therefore I've had consideration
Of your most courteous invitation,—
To read before the Watson Grange;—
And yet I thought it very strange,
That I, comparably a stranger,
Who never dared to be a Granger,—
Should be called out in this relation,
To read to your association.

I pondered deeply on the subject;
For what, thought I, can be their object?
That they invite me to go there,
With my poor stock of rhyming ware.
Indeed, said I, 'tis very strange;—
Have they no rhymers in the Grange?
Or have the dull, depressing times
Dried up the fountain of their rhymes?
Or do they to this course resort,
To get me there to make them sport?
Thinking that from my want of sense,
They'd have some fun, at my expense.
Or have they yet another object;
And do they want mè for a subject,
To put me through in this relation
The process of initiation?
Of which, as I before have said,
I entertain a perfect dread.
I couldn't believe you would consent,
Or give the least encouragement,
To any purpose, trick or plan,
Thus to deceive an honest man.
Or if you would, I didn't believe
Your old friend Stoddard you'd deceive.

Now I am cautious, as you know,
But yet I will consent to go;
And do in my rough way, my best,
To entertain, or interest
Men, women, children, one and all,
That shall assemble in your hall.
And further, I will not disclose
Your secrets to my friends or foes.
Unless to lessen words of strife,
I may be forced to tell my wife.
But then, of course, as you must know,
It will not any further go,—
For where's the man that can believe
A daughter of old mother Eve
Will tell a secret anywhere
That has been trusted to her care?
Then on your part, I shall require
That you shall furnish hall and fire:—
And what's of greater consequence,
You furnish me an audience.
Nor do I think it more than right
That you should keep me over night;
And treat me, though an outside ranger,
As kindly as you would a Granger.

There is another stipulation,
That you must make in this relation,
Please to excuse me when I say,
I've heard some hard things, by the way,
Of how they treat (it beats creation)
Their subjects for initiation.
I can't consent to be put through
The course I'm told that they pursue.
I can't consent, I'll plainly say,
To be blind-folded, any way.
I can't get down upon all fours,
And trot around your slivery floors,
And carry a two-bushel sack
Of ruta bagas on my back,
With the addition of a peck
Of onions, strung around my neck.
I can't allow your wives, to spread
A buckwheat pan-cake on my head;—
And then to bind in place of hat,
A fleece of wool atop of that.
Nor give consent in any wise
To have the wool pulled o'er my eyes.
Nor must a lady Granger there
Sift thistly hay seed in my hair:

Nor Granger girls in any case,
With sorghum syrup smear my face;—
Unless, (in this I must be plain),
They'll come and kiss it off again.
I can't be harnessed, anyhow,
To some strange-fashioned Granger plow;
And then required that plow to draw,
With collar made of buckwheat straw;—
A corn cob bit, and driving lines
Made up of squash or pumpkin vines;—
A pumpkin hung to either ear,
And then spurred round in pain and fear,
With three-tined pitchforks in the rear.
Then for a harrow, drag a cat
Around the floor—tail first at that.
I'd surely balk, then what a fuss,
And is it not ridiculous
To have such doings, when you win
Some silly-pated greenhorn in?
You who have passed through all of this,
Of course know better how it is.
My person, and the clothes I wear,
Must be secure and sacred there,
And if, in their mysterious rites,

They conjure up demoniac sprites;
I take this time and way to tell,
I'll not be held accountable.
To finish up in this direction,
You must assure me full protection
From all the dangers, and the harms,
That may result from witching charms.
And furthermore, I briefly note,
You must protect me from the goat;—
Must keep him chained, while I am there,
Or hold him by the horns with care.
And now, friend Haynes, if it should be
To these conditions you agree,—
On April twelfth, you understand,
If all is well, I'll be on hand.

KALAMAZOO.

AS SEEN FROM MOUNTAIN HOME CEMETERY
JUNE, 1872.

How fair is the prospect spread out to my view,—
Thy beautiful landscape, fair Kalamazoo.
Here nature and art, wealth and wisdom combine,
And grandeur, refinement, and beauty are thine.
Bright skies bend above thee, warm suns mildly glow,
And pure winding streams wander gently below.

Thy hills, crowned with verdure or waving with grain,
Seem fondly encircling thy beautiful plain;—
And sacred among them, the fairest and best,
Thy sweet Mountain Home, where the weary may rest.

How fair from their summits thy mansions are seen,

Thy ranges of shade trees wave gladly between;
How balmy thy breezes, how softly they blow
Over garden and lawn, smiling brightly below.

Thy fair, rolling river, o'er pebbles and sand,
Comes joyful to greet thee, and lave thy fair strand.
Then gracefully curving, moves silent and slow,
As if from thy presence reluctant to go.

Roll on, noble river,—fair Kalamazoo;
A thousand bright fountains thy stream shall renew.
Roll on in thy beauty, pure, joyous and free;
Lake, valley and hill-side pay tribute to thee.

And thou, noble city, thy honor maintain,
Thy credit for beauty, refinement and gain.
May naught of misfortune impede or arrest
Thy onward advancement, bright gem of the West.

TO JESSIE.

Dear Jessie, when I saw you last,
And took your hand so kind;
The sacred memories of the past
Came thronging to my mind.

The cherished memories of one
Dear in the days of yore;—
A much loved daughter, long since gone,
Gone to the "shining shore."

I thought in you that I could trace
What I have longed to find;—
Resemblance of her fair young face,
Resemblance of her mind.

I hope it was not thought amiss,
That I imprinted there,
An almost weeping father's kiss,
Upon your cheek so fair.

If strange to you it did appear,
Your parents, kind, can tell,
What caused the almost bursting tear
Within mine eyes to swell.

Though wide our future paths may part,
Upon this earthly plane;
Stamped on the tablet of my heart,
Your memory shall remain.

TO WILL F. STODDARD.

While others seek in foreign war,
The world's applause to win;
Be yours the better conquest far,
Subduing foes within.

For he who conquers state or town,
May be inferior still,
To him who tames his passions down,
Obedient to his will.

And tuning into harmony,
Those elements of strife;
That war within, should ever be
The highest aim of life.

That wisdom, peace and purity,
Your every step attend,—
To guide, to bless, shall ever be
The wishes of your friend.

A. H. S.

TO ROSA.

There's dazzling beauty overhead,
In evening's starry show,
There's beauty everywhere outspread,
On this green earth below.

There's beauty in the circling bow,
When sun and shower combine,
There's beauty in the crimson glow,
That marks the day's decline.

There's beauty in the towering pine,
That bends in lofty pride.
There's beauty in the creeping vine
That nestles by its side.

But star and bow, and tree and skies,
In beauty all combined;
May all be prized, but more we prize
The beauty of the mind.

TO SARAH.

I ask for thee no golden store,
From California sent;
Those that have millions sigh for more,—
Gold cannot bring content.

Nor do I ask for sparkling gems,
From diamond-lighted cave,—
I ask for thee no shining pearls,
From 'neath the ocean wave.

Be thine, fair friend, superior wealth,—
A will to Heaven resigned;
Wisdom, content, and hope and health,
And purity of mind.

Be thine those pearls of greater price,
And gems more bright and fair,
Pearls such as shine in Paradise,
Gems such as angels wear.

And as your bark in life shall sail,
O'er Time's uncertain sea,—
May no rude storm, no threatening gale,
Be feared or felt by thee.

But should each source of promised joy,
Be poisoned at its spring,
And thy most warmly cherished hopes,
Lie cold and withering:—

Should friends be severed from thy side,
Regardless of their worth,
And death dissolve the strongest ties,
That bind thy soul to Earth:—

Then may supplies of Heavenly grace,
In measures large and free,
For every needed time and place,
Be kindly dealt to thee.

TO EMMA.

There is a little fertile field,
To every one assigned;
With all the fruit that it shall yield
The garden of the mind.

We have that garden field to till,
The seed we plant will grow;
And future fruit of good or ill,
Depends on what we sow.

TO CHARLIE HARRISON.

The page before me is so pure and white
I need be careful how and what I write.
A blot, a word misplaced, a stain-mark there,

Will mar its beauty and its worth impair.
Or if it bring no useful train of thought,
Vain are my efforts, and my labor nought.

So on the page of life, a blot, a stain;
An error made, a blemish must remain.
Nor can our record ever be as fair
As though no error and no blot were there.
Life's page before you is unsoiled and white,
Be careful, Charlie, what and how you write.

ALBUM DEDICATION.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MISS HATTIE S. COPE.

We make our dedication,
To friendship's sacred claim;
And ask in this relation,
The favor of your name.

For names to friendship plighted,
While life and thought remain;
Will form the links, united
Of memory's golden chain.

TO ELIDY.

'Tis not for profit or for place,
Or literary fame,
That these few hasty lines I trace,
And here inscribe my name.

But to express the wish sincere,
For you, my fair young friend;—
That while you tread life's pathway here,
Heaven's blessings may attend.

CENTENNIAL POEM.

READ AT KALAMAZOO, MICH., JULY 4TH, 1876.

We hail with pride, as well we may,
With joy and exultation,
This glorious and immortal day,
Centennial of our Nation.

Let party strife be put away,
Away with care and sadness;
And let us give our hearts to-day
To patriotic gladness.

From far New England's rocks, that brave
The wild Atlantic's dashing,
To where Pacific's milder wave
His golden sand is washing;

From where Niagara's headlong tide
Roars an eternal thunder,
To where Sierra's peaks divide
And rend the clouds asunder;

From Florida's extremest lines,
Almost with tropics blending,
To where Walloostook's waving pines
On frosty hills are bending;—

All o'er our Nation's wide domain,
Where man has fixed his dwelling;
From mountain, valley, hill and plain,
Glad notes of joy are swelling.

America's adopted sons,
Of every name and Nation;
From foreign lands, in foreign tongues,
Join in the acclamation.

What though they had their birth away
In lands beyond the ocean,
If to our Government to-day
They're loyal in devotion?

First to the Giver of all good,
From grateful hearts ascending,
Millions of prayers, in gratitude,
With songs of praise are blending.

Prayers that Divine protection be
Kindly extended o'er us,
To guide us in the destiny
That lies unseen before us.

Then from the history of our sires,
The fathers of our Nation,
We read a record that inspires
Our hearts with admiration.

It tells of deeds of valor done
At old Ticonderoga,
At Bunker Hill, at Bennington,
Yorktown and Saratoga.

It tells us, seven long years they toiled
For Freedom's prize before them;
Their cities burned, their homes despoiled,
Ruin impending o'er them.

Unpaid, half clad, and poorly fed,
With Washington to lead them,
They bravely fought and freely bled
To gain their country's freedom.

And dear to every mother's son,
Enshrined within his memory,
Should be the names of Washington,
Of Warren and Montgomery.

Nor should Americans forget
To hold in admiration,
The memory of the brave Fayette,
True champion of our Nation.

But the dark scenes 'mid which they stood;
Their toils and strife are over;
Their gory garments dyed in blood
Have passed away forever.

And may the prize, so bravely won,
By hardships and privations,
Descend from father down to son,
To latest generations.

All honor to that statesman band,
Those men of self-denial,
That with a firm, unflinching hand,
Withstood the fiery trial;—

Against whom bribes could not prevail,
Whatever the temptation;
Whose principles were not for sale
Like stocks on speculation;

Who dared put forth that bold decree,
That famous declaration;
They had the right and ought to be
An independent nation.

And in sustaining that decree,
On Freedom's sacred banner,
They pledged their lives. their property,
And their more sacred honor.

A foe with power and skill combined,
In stern array before them;
A horde of savages behind:
With hatchets gleaming o'er them.

Brave men, that in that trying hour,
Dared sign that declaration:
Braving the vengeance and the power
Of Britain's mighty nation.

Their's was a patriotism bold,
That wavers not nor falters;
They couldn't be bought with British gold,
Nor scared with British halters.

But to themselves and country true,
And true to their descendants,
They persevered and fought it through,
And gained their independence.

That glorious birth-right, unalloyed,
Has from those sires descended
To us, their sons, to be be enjoyed;
By us to be defended.

Will we allow that birth-right sold
For speculative forage;
As Esau's birth-right was of old,
For Jacob's meager porridge?

Then at your country's altar kneel,
And swear by the Eternal,
To guard that prize from foreign steel,
And treason more infernal.

A century has passed away
Since we became a nation,
And our Republic stands to-day,
A living illustration,

That a Republic may prevail,
With simple institutions;
While monarchies and empires fail,
O'erwhelmed with revolutions.

We point you to the past with pride,
With warm congratulations;
And to the future, yet untried,
With bright anticipations.

Our wide domain, our fertile soil,
Our mountain mines of treasure,
Yield to the skillful hand of toil,
Their products without measure.

Here labor, capital and skill,
Each in its proper station,
May work together in good will
And mutual relation.

Here, too, the poorest child may gain
A thorough education,
And from the humblest state attain
The highest elevation.

Here, too, the honest hand of toil
Is honored and rewarded,
And he who owns or tills the soil
Has equal rights accorded.

Our commerce reaches far and wide,
In every clime protected;
Our gallant ships on every tide
Are honored and respected.

The flag that waves above our heads
Has gained a reputation;
The freeman loves, the foeman dreads,
The banner of our Nation.

Where'er it floats, by land or sea,
We'll guard the dear old banner;
And yet its best defense must be
Intelligence and honor.

Write on its folds, we will be just—
To Union's main-mast nail it;
And lay the villain in the dust,
Whose treason dares assail it.

And be his name with knaves enrolled,
Who 'neath that starry banner,
Shall sell himself for paltry gold,
And stain his country's honor.

Our bulwarks and our seamen brave
Will guard us from invasion;
But save my country, ever save,
From luxury's contagion.

We've more to fear to-day by far,
From slavery of fashion,
Than from all foreign ships of war
That float upon the ocean.

Our ship of state is strong, but then
Corruption may divide it;
And what we need, is honest men
To manage and to guide it.

And let us fully understand—
The only sure foundation
On which we safely can depend
Is, honest education.

One hundred years have passed away,
And we, a mighty nation.
Four times ten million hearts to-day,
Rejoice on this occasion.

And greeting from the fatherland,
Rejoicing with each other;
We meet our friends with open hand,
As brother meets with brother.

The hatchet that no more, we trust,
The bonds of peace shall sever,
Is buried deeply in the dust;
There let it rust forever.

And we will put far, far away
The thoughts of blood and slaughter,
And greet with open arms to-day,
Our friends from o'er the water.

May nought that is, or is to be,
Our bonds of union sever.
Land of the brave! Home of the free!
Union and peace forever.

Then let us brighten friendship's chain
In all our wide relations,
Till "Peace on Earth, good will to men,"
Prevail among the nations.

DEATH OF GEORGE WINSLOW.

MEMORIAL POEM READ AT A GROVE MEETING AT WINSLOW'S ISLAND, 1879.

We miss a form to-day, with which before,
We've been familiar on this island shore.
The form of one to whom for manhood true,
Our highest tribute of respect is due.

Our brother Winslow,—as we understand,—
Has passed before us to the spirit land.
Life's last encounter, bravely fought and won,
His Earth-life finished and its labors done.
We bore his body to the burial plain;—
That poor wrecked form he will not need again.

With honor due, the last that we could pay,
We laid it kindly, carefully away:
Its purpose served, its work well done we trust,
There to comingle with its kindred dust.

'Twas but the casket, laid among the dead
From which the ever living man had fled.

Why should we murmur, when our school-mates pass,
Fitly promoted to a higher class?
Selfish would be the wish, to hold them back
From pressing forward, on progression's track.

What though above us on the upward grade,
Will that prevent their influence and aid?
Can they not come, and whisper in our ear,
How best to solve life's tangled problems here?

Yet we shall miss him,—on the busy street
We miss the man that we had loved to meet:—
He will be missed among his fellow men,
Missed as a neighbor, and a citizen.

The needy widow, with her orphan band,
Will miss the bounty of his open hand.
'Twas his religion to relieve distress;
To aid "the widow, and the fatherless."

Was want and sorrow in the humblest shed,
He prayed the poor, the needy might be fed:—
Then went and took the food they needed there,
And thus secured an answer to his prayer.

He prayed for freedom, and with hand and purse,
Sped on the fugitive, from slavery's curse.

We need such men as Winslow, to withstand
The thousand ills and wrongs on every hand;—
As knavery, of every grade and kind,
And superstition that enslaves the mind;—
Intemperance, with its wave of dark despair,
And priest-craft, with its cunning gull-trap snare;—
These, and unnumbered other ills to stay,
Require such men as Winslow every day.

We miss him here, and we shall miss still more
His words of wisdom on the council floor.
We miss his manly, bold denunciation
Of every wild and reckless innovation,

Of those immoral elements of strife,
That mar so oft the harmony of life.
We miss him much, but can we understand
How much they miss him, from the household band?

The hospitable board again is spread,
But father Winslow is not at its head,—
The lonely chamber, desolate and still,
The vacant chair, that he was wont to fill,
A thousand sacred memories recall.
Oh! there they miss him, miss him most of all!

'Twas brother Winslow's nature to oppose
What he believed was wrong, in friends or foes.
Where duty led him, fearlessly he went,—
E'en though the tide of public sentiment
Set full and strong against him, in its might,—
Where e'er he saw, or thought he saw, the light
Of truth unerring, like a polar star,
Lighting his pathway, even from afar,
He held his course, nor turned aside to heed
Tradition hoary, or sectarian creed.

Doubtless he had his faults, and who has not
On all life's written record made a blot?

Nor did he think, as many preachers say
The blood of Christ could wash all stains away;
Making life's page, if blotted o'er with sin,
As white as though a blot had never been.

Our brother Winslow, built his faith's foundation,
On candid, thorough, full investigation.
To him the evidence was full and plain,
That though a man may die, he'll live again.

For truth infallible, he did not look
To ancient record, manuscript or book.
But truth accepted, whence so e'er it came,
In Jesus, Buddha, or Mahomet's name.
He knew that friends from the celestial sphere
Had held communion with his spirit here;—

That, like the daring mariner of old,
Whose thrilling story has so oft been told;
They had returned; and from the spirit strand;

Had brought the tidings of a summer land,
Beyond the billows of life's stormy main,
Where kindred spirits shall unite again.

This was a faith, in which he could abide,
Firm in this faith he lived, in this he died;
With this imperfect tribute, let me say,
Give us more men like Winslow here to-day.

MY LITTLE GRAND-DAUGHTERS.

CHILDREN OF WILL S. AND CARRIE STODDARD.

Two little girls, with teeth like pearls,
And cheeks like summer roses,
With eyes of blue, or some such hue,
And funny little noses.

When combed with care, their flaxen hair,
Is left in flowing tresses,—
But by the way, it will not pay,
To tell about their dresses:—

For girls are vain, 'tis very plain,
And if their dress we mention,
Would not their pride be gratified
By giving it attention?

These children play, in childish way
With dolls and little dishes,—
Sometimes with hook, along the brook,
They catch the little fishes.

The names you'll find if so inclined,
Of Lucy, and of Lizzie,
If you will look in this my book,
When you are not too busy.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

TO MRS. JONES, OF BATTLE CREEK, ON THE LOSS OF A DAUGHTER.

It seems mysterious and strange,
When we allow our thoughts to range
O'er the wide field of toil and strife,
That forms the theater of life;—
That from the fount of life, should spring,
So much of sin and suffering,
To mingle with its crystal stream,
Filling so often to the brim,
The cup our thirsty lips must press,
With dregs of grief and bitterness!

Why should so much of crime and wrong,
Attend this life-tide all along,
Making the vale through which it flows,
A wilderness of wants and woes;
A mingled scene of hopes and fears,
Of joy and sorrow, smiles and tears.

Nor can we better understand,—
Why Death, with cold, relentless hand,
Like an untimely frost, should sere
Our brightest hopes and prospects here.
We murmur not at the decree
That stamps us with mortality;—
For when worn out with toil and age,
On Life's incessant active stage;
Our part performed, our labor done,
Life's weary battle fought and won;
Feeble and bending by the way,
Our life at best a wintry day,—
'Tis well decreed we should retire,
And like a wasted lamp expire.

Death then should cause us no alarms,
Who takes us kindly in his arms,
As we receive a weary guest,
And bears us gently to our rest:—
From which we wake to greet once more
Departed kindred, gone before.

But when we feel the chilling breath,
That lays our loved ones low in death,

And see his icy arms unlock,
To take the dearest of our flock:—
The mother, so much needed there,
For her dear family to care,—
The father, whose paternal arm
Supports, protects, and shields from harm,—
The noble son, our hope and pride,
The darling daughter from our side:
The young, the useful and the gay,
Torn from our hearts and homes away,—
We feel to murmur at the fate
That makes our hearth-stone desolate.

Then human wisdom seeks in vain,
To solve the complicated skein,
The tangled net-work of events,
That men ascribe to Providence.
But let us this conclusion draw
'Tis all in harmony with law;—
And when this law is understood,
We'll see it doubtless for our good.

We notice now, on looking back,
O'er childhood's thoughtless, wayward track,

Where we have often thought we saw,
Errors in the parental law;
We now perceive in reason's light,
Parental law was just and right.

So when we reach the other shore
Of that dark river just before;—
And from its higher plane, review
The life scenes we have journeyed through,
With purer, clearer vision blessed,
We'll see that all was for the best.

FINIS.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 873 072 8